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# "The Philanthropist."

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A HIGH CLASS COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

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BY

JOSEPH MARKS.

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A HIGH CLASS COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

— BY —

JOSEPH MARKS.

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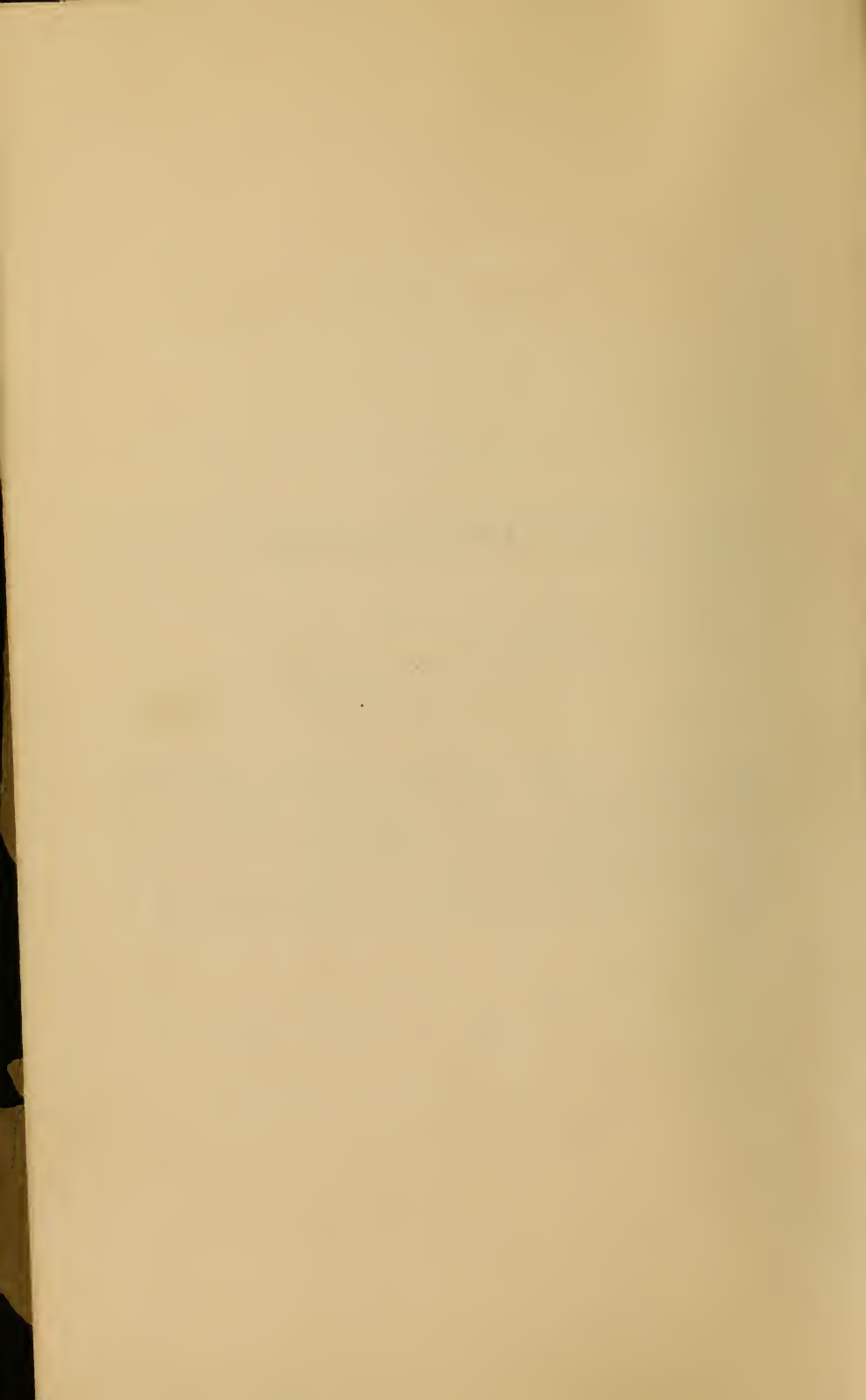
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# "THE PHILANTHROPIST."

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A HIGH CLASS COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

— BY —

JOSEPH MARKS.

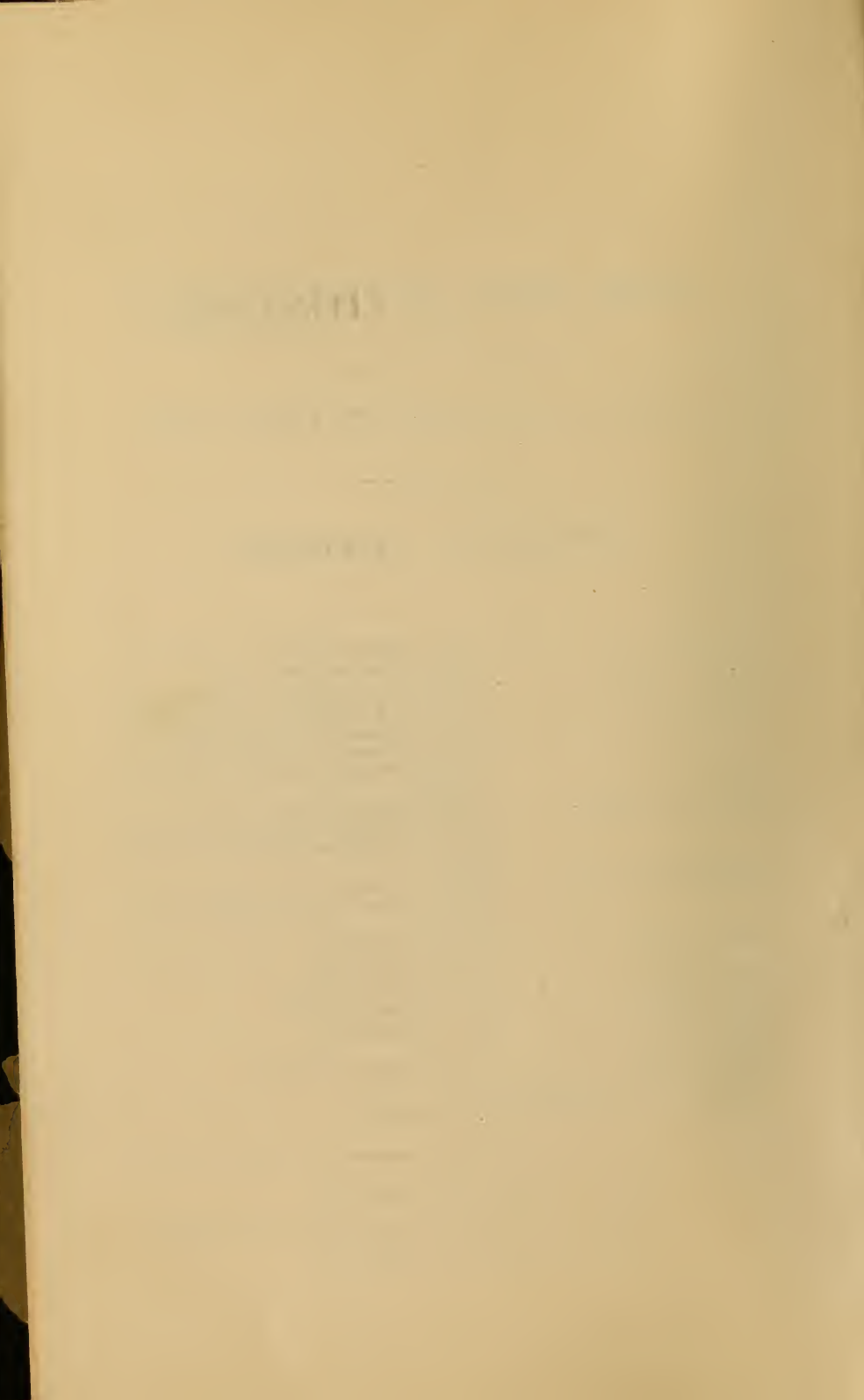
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- CYRUS BURBANK..... "The Philanthropist," a Millionaire Bachelor and self-made man.  
JOHN H. WILSON..... A Wall Street Magnate, interested with Burbank in several financial projects.  
SIDNEY GORDON ... .. A poor orphan, who has nothing to do but spend money, (of which he has a tremendous stack), and go to swell receptions.  
HARLAND A. FIELDS..... A Wall Street Broker, an old friend of both Burbank and Wilson, and was also of Jas. Gordon, deceased, Sidney's father.  
REV. ED. T. HOLLAND ... .. Director of Battery Mechanical Schools and Conductor of Charitable Enterprises.  
TERRY MURPHY ..... Burbank's Office Boy, who has brains enough for a dozen.  
ETHEL JORDAN. .... A Ward of Burbank's.  
EDITH WILSON ... .. Mr. Wilson's daughter.  
MRS. MARY WILSON.. .... Mr. Wilson's wife.  
FARMER JONES. .... }  
FARMER SIMON..... } A Soliciting Committee,  
DEACON OF COUNTRY CHURCH. }  
TWO REPORTERS, a BUTLER, a MESSENGER BOY.
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ACT I. Office of Cyrus Burbank.

ACT II. Conservatory and Gardens of John Wilson.

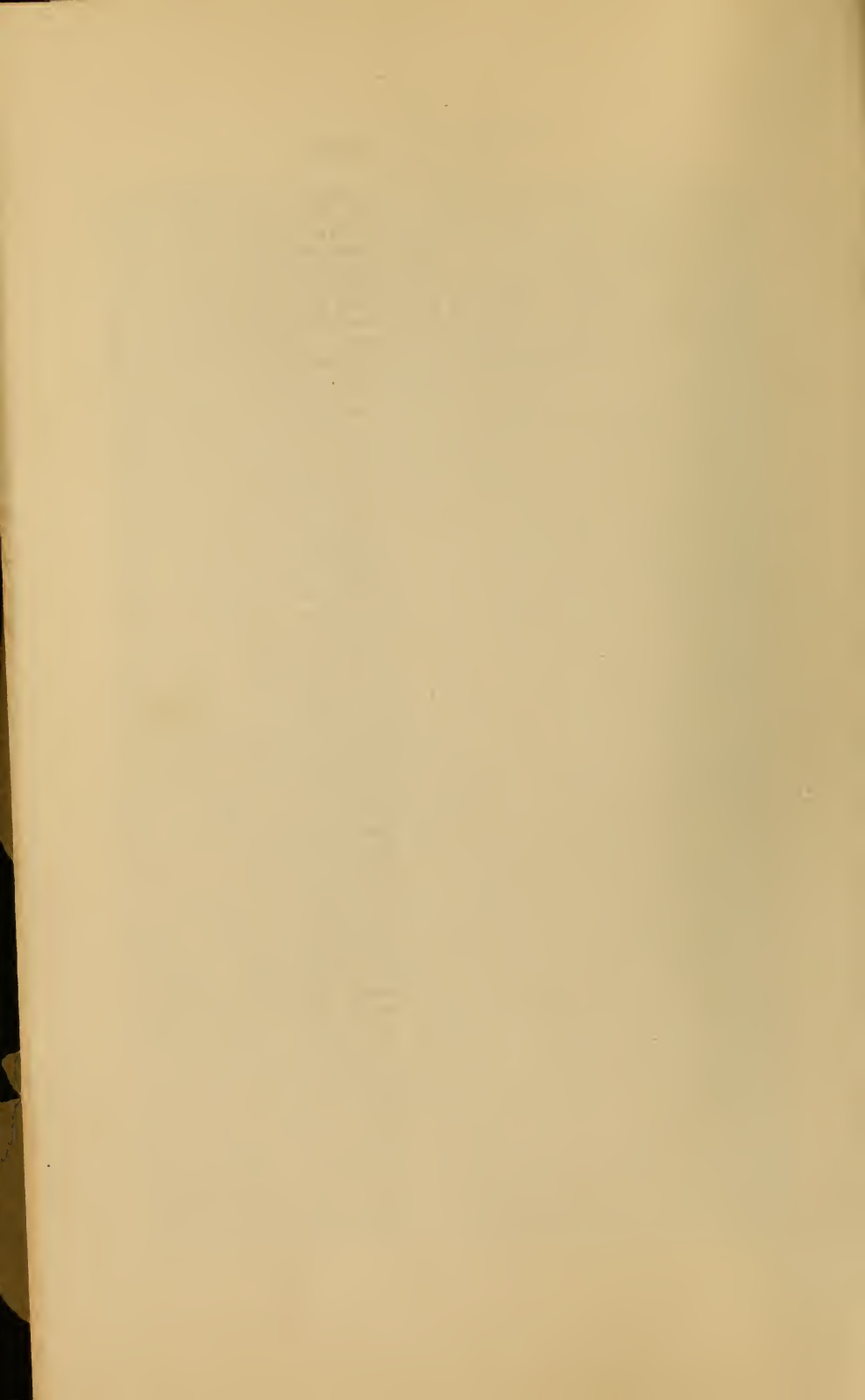
ACT III. Parlor of Cyrus Burbank.



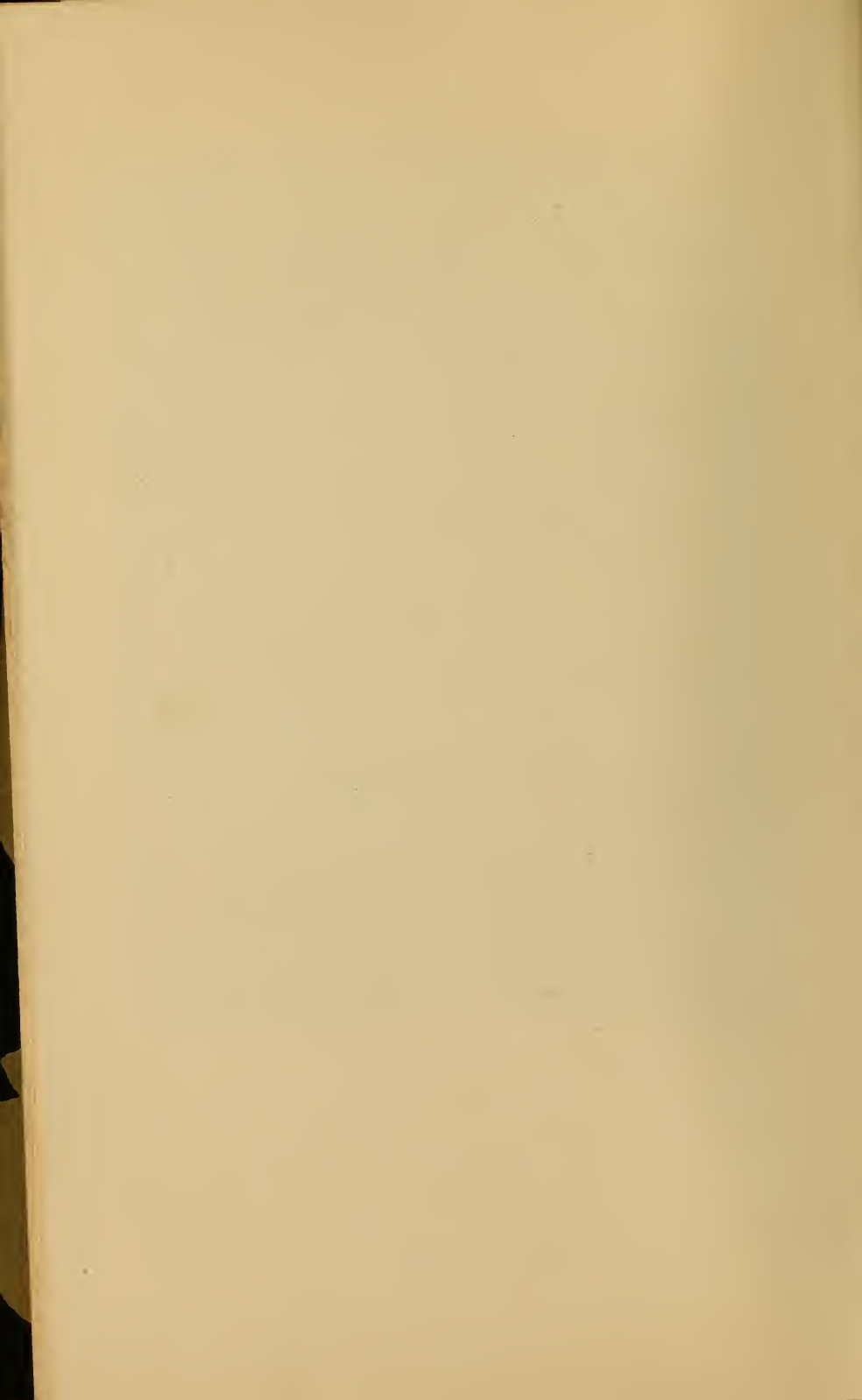
## THE PLOT.

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Many years before the action of the play Cyrus Burbank, an orphan boy, worked in a woollen mill in Maryland, side by side with Bessie Jordan, a girl made unhappy by her miserable home. And from pity grew his love. Bessie refuses to marry, on account of the depravity of her parents. She is attacked by a disease contracted as a result of improper ventilation and inferior machinery at the mill, and dies. Burbank embittered by the condition of the mill hands, resolved to devote his efforts toward their benefit and improvement; he is successful, his patents better their condition and are the first steps toward his rapid advancement and growing fortune. At the opening of the play he is a man passed the middle age, a millionaire, bachelor, financier and promoter recognized as a philanthropist, having done much to benefit the working classes, built a mechanical instruction school, endowed several orphan asylums, colleges, etc. Some years back he together with John H. Wilson and Jas. Gordon built the Delaware Shortline Railroad, a small line which they hoped to have subsidized by the Grand Trunk Line, Jas. Gordon being influential in the latter company and it having been made by "private arrangement" to his interest to help them in their plan. The consolidation of the two roads was on the point of completion when Gordon died and the loss of his influence swamped the plan. Sidney Gordon inherited his father's wealth, but entrusted to Harland Fields, his power to vote his stocks. Burbank has adopted Ethel Jordan, a distant relative of his deceased Bessie. Upon her return from the boarding school, at which she has spent several years, Burbank notices her resemblance to Bessie and his love for her begins to grow deeper and changes the color of his thoughts and the even tenor of his life. He resolves to bring her out into a social position and try to win her for himself alone, in a free for all contest against any who may appear as rivals. Mrs. Mary Wilson offers her home and approaching reception as the occasion of Miss Jordan's debut, in gratefulness for which Burbanks donates another \$10,000 to a charitable enterprise over which Mrs. Wilson is patroness. Sidney Gordon although engaged to Edith Wilson falls in love with Ethel Jordan and is made happy to learn she will make her debut at the Wilsons'. As it has become evident that the controllers of the Trunk Line Railroad will not subsidize the Delaware Shortline so long as Wilson and Burbank hold nearly all the stock; a clique is formed by Wilson and the Grand Trunk holders to subsidize the road provided Burbank's stock could be secured. Burbank having already made up his mind to retire from Wall Street, where lately he had been getting some pretty hard bumps and having unbounded trust in Wilson, his life long friend, is unguarded enough to sell to Wilson, to be delivered in ten days, his entire Delaware holdings. As soon as the agreement to sell is signed and it becomes known to the clique that the combine can now be consummated the stocks take a rapid jump upward. Burbank realizes that he has been tricked and in a spirit of anger and bitterness resolves to even his score with Wilson. As the stock is not to leave his actual possession for ten days, he will still have power to vote it at the approaching meeting nine days hence. If he can get Harland Fields, who votes Gordon's shares by proxy, to vote together with him, they together can defeat the proposition to consolidate the two roads. He sees Fields, promises to elect him president, is assured of his votes. Knowing then he has power to defeat Wilson he anticipates the disastrous result of the approaching meeting by selling stock at the present high price expecting by the great decline that will follow the meeting to strike a great financial blow



at Wilson. At the reception at Wilson's house, Wilson sounds Fields as to how he will vote at the meeting on the following morning, becoming alarmed at Field's evasiveness, he plainly shows his hand, which is that Sidney Gordon, his future son-in-law, owns the stock, he threatens to explain to him why he has reason to fear that Fields will not vote the stock on the morrow to Gordon's best interests, threatens to have the proxy revoked and Gordon present to vote the stock himself. Fields realizing that "its all up," hastens to explain, assures Wilson that he can count on him, and Burbank, who overhears it all, has his hopes which had been high and his heart lighter than for many years, dashed from him, he sees absolute financial disaster and ruin face him. He bravely tries to hide his despair for her sake not wishing to mar her pleasure on this, her first appearance. The music strikes up from the ball-room a maddening clear waltz, for which he has been anxiously waiting, it carries him up and out of despair into which he had fallen, he drives back his sorrow, he hopes that there may still be one great happiness, which will over-shade all else, he grows young and fearless again, like his old true self and holding her hand in his, runs into the ball-room like a boy. On the same evening Edith Wilson who loves Rev. Holland, breaks her engagement to Sidney Gordon. The morrow sad and bitter is the day of reckoning; Burbank, calm and humble, prepares Ethel for the worst, although he had hesitated till now, now that he felt she would be obliged to give up her social position and that life henceforth would be a hard and bitter path he tells of his great love. Ethel really loves Gordon, but feels that as a matter of duty she cannot forsake her benefactor. She neither declines nor accepts. Gordon interrupts; he hears of Burbank's misfortune. Burbank now begins to see Gordon's real manliness and although he knows he too loves Ethel, is happy that he did not forget her as soon as he learned she was no longer the prospective heiress of a rich man. Ethel declines to marry Gordon, her duty to Burbank being upmost. Gordon leaves in great mental anguish, after leaving he vaguely recalls the name of the stock, that he owns some of it, he rushes back in great excitement, hurrys Burbank, they leave for the meeting together. Gordon revokes Fields' power-of-attorney, he and Burbank vote together, almost wrecking the road by voting high salaries, extravagant expenditures, elect one another to highes offices, including Terry, the office boy. Burbank is saved from financial ruin. Gordon returns to Ethel, he tells her of Burbanks escape, he again pleads his cause, this time with success. Burbank returns, both are now his children, they take him gently forward. Gordon half retires, Ethel tries to tellthim all, but sobs and falls, he knows all already, his love is hopeless, bravely gives her to Sidney, resolved to be happy in their happiness and free again from thoughts of self, go on living his useful life as he had years ago mapped it, for himself work, giving help and hope to others.





## COSTUMES.

CYRUS BURBANK :	Act I.	Business suit, modest pretentions. Overcoat.
	Act II.	Full dress—perfect in every detail.
	Act III.	To wear pants, shoes, tie and collar of Act II, together with smoking jacket— changes jacket for black frock and fancy vest (modest), silk hat.
SIDNEY GORDAN :	Act I.	Most up-to-date fashion for street, con-
	& III.	sistent in detail.
	Act II.	Full dress.
JNO H. WILSON :		Same as Gordan.
ED. T. HOLLAND :		Clerical; Fashionable as custom will permit.
TER. MURPHY :	Act I.	Neat business suit, fancy vest; changes
	& III.	vest, coat and hat for well worn coat, vest and golf cap.
ETHEL JORDAN :	Act I.	Stylish street dress.
	Act II.	White decollete.
	Act III.	Morning toilet.
ETHEL WILSON :	Act I.	{ Same as Jordan.
	Act II.	
	Act III.	
MRS. WILSON :	Act I.	Same as Jordan.
	Act II.	Fashionable reception dress.
FARMER JONES :		Rural.
FARMER SIMON :		Rural.
CHURCH DEACON :		Poorly dressed clergyman.

## PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

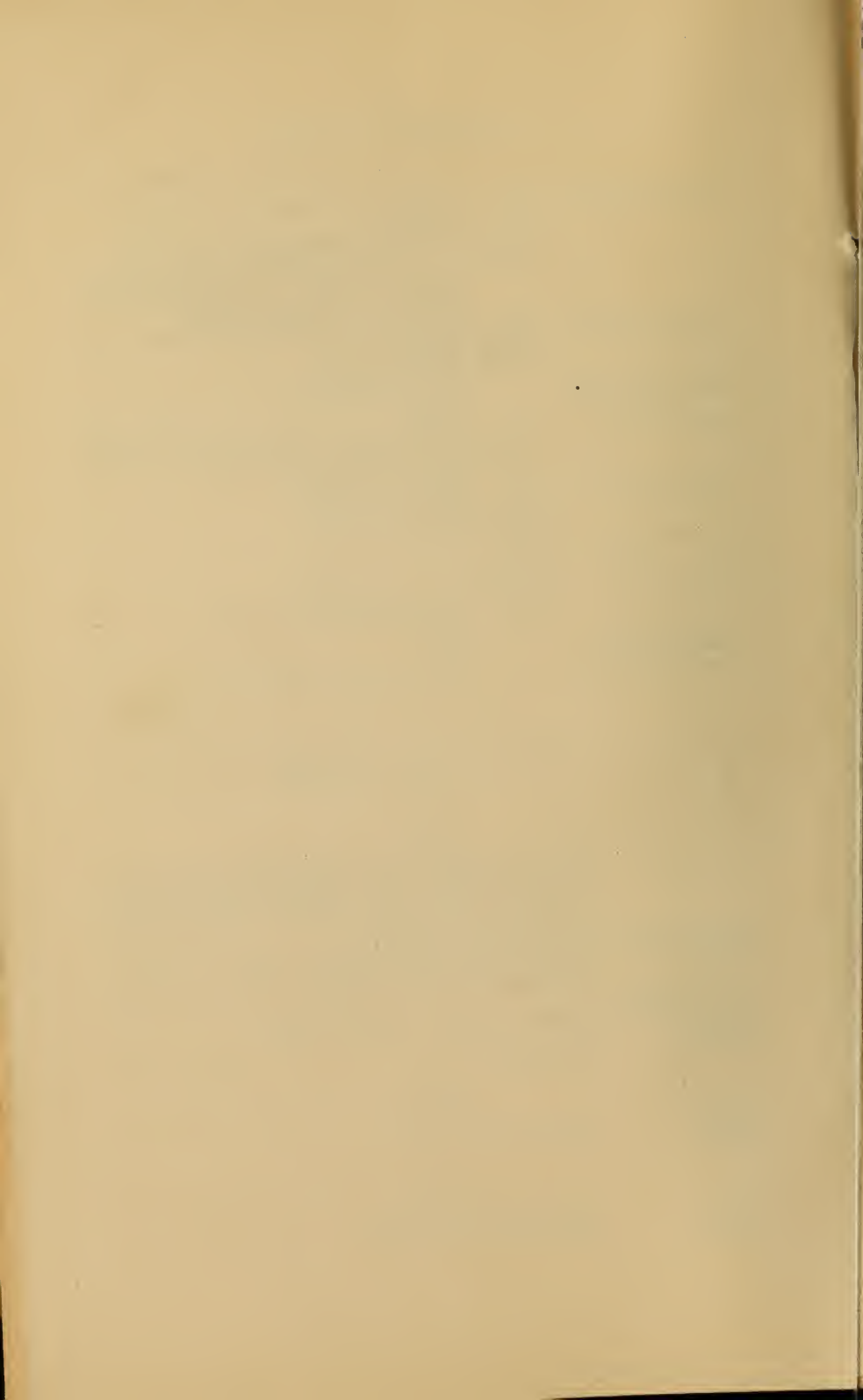
	Duster at wall—books—papers for center table— unopened letters—paper cutter, newspapers, check book, paper, envelopes, pens, inkstand. Burbank's desk, box cigars and matches in drawer, three notes to give to Murphy.
MESSENGER BOY	Messages and receipt book.
MURPHY	Large silver watch—pencil to sign, or fountain pen can be used for business.
FARMER JONES	{ Hand satchels—Assorted shapes.
FARMER SIMONS	
DEACON	
REPORTERS	Note books.

### ACT II.

BURBANK	{ Cigars and matches
WILSON	
FIELDS	

### ACT III.

BUTLER	Note—Bunch carnations.
MURPHY	Small printed newsheet.





## "THE PHILANTHROPIST."

### ACT I.

#### OFFICE OF CYRUS BURBANK.

Class door in rear centre, large roller top desk at left closed,—large office chair, paper basket at right desk. Large flat-top table in centre, (green felt cover), four office chairs, pen, ink and papers, check book. Door leading off right. Telephone at wall, right of rear door. Duster hanging on nail, etc. Package of unopened letters on Burbank's desk, also newspapers.

Terry Murphy enters in haste as curtain rises, looks at watch nervously.

*Terry.* Well luck's with me still, just getting down at half past nine, and I am the first one here anyway. When I used to get three dollars a week, I managed to get down at half past seven, now,—got a raise, can't do it to save my life. Some of these mornings the old gentleman is going to get down here before I do, and then this smarty is going to walk the plank.

(Hangs hat at left, changes coat, take duster from the wall, dusts centre table and chairs.)

Must get this work done before my eye sees that newspaper, (points to paper on desk), too apt to get interested in the ball game. (Approaches desk). What a batch of letters, I wonder if some day I will be able to sit down at my desk, and open letters, (takes letters and reads the business cards in corner.)

Here is one that's business, and to the point. (Reads.) "The President's Office Lake Erie Railroad. If not delivered promptly, return at once". That's either notice of a stockholder's meeting, or a dividend. Here is another. "Private Office A. G. T. M. Southern Pacific Company." What does A. G. T. M. mean? Oh, I have it, Assistant General Traffic Manager. If I was him I'd spell it out so people would know for sure what I was (Messenger boy appears at rear door). Here is another.

*Mess.* Say, sign for dis message, I'm in a hurry. see?

*Terry.* (Loftily). Oh, you are in a hurry, a messenger boy in a hurry, that's the same old gag. (Signs for message.)

*Terry.* Say, I'd like to have one of your pictures.

*Mess.* Sorry, I can't accomodate you, just placed my latest at the Academy.

*Terry.* Say, I'm coming down to see the President of your Company after awhile, to tell him what a wonder you are.

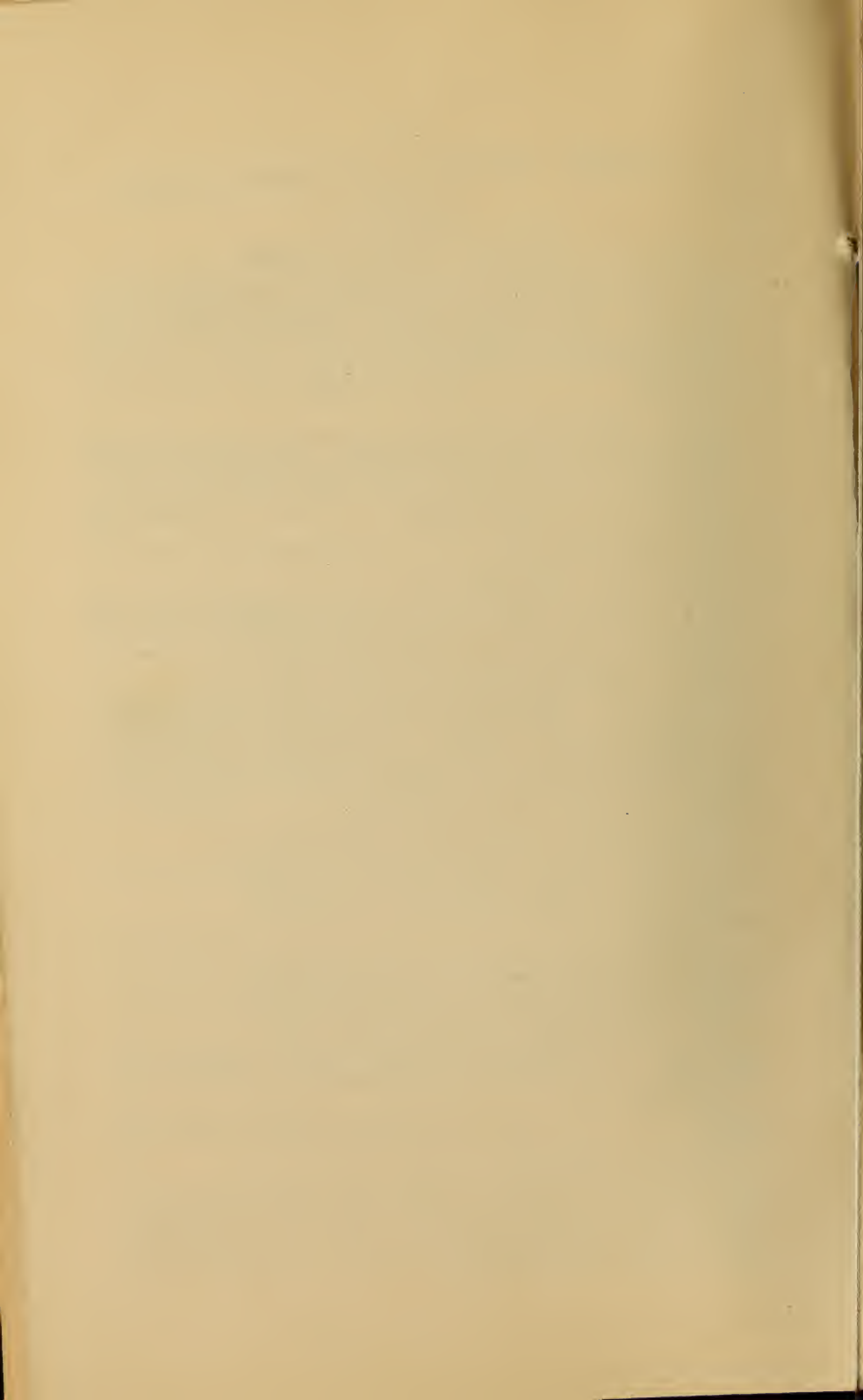
*Mess.* Oh, you need'nt put yourself to such a great inconvenience. I'll send the President up to you. So long. (Exit.)

*Terry.* There, that comes from getting down at half past nine, threw me down and wiped the floor up with me. Wait till I see him again. I'll paralyze him. (Resumes reading envelopes). (Contentedly.)

"From the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats and Dogs." "From the Sisters of St. Paul's Mission and Sewing Schools."

"From the Zuzuland Bible and Prayer Book Society".

He gets about five thousand of these a year, and every one that he considers really worthy, he helps along. Its a good thing he has'nt a big family depending on him, for the way he gives would wreck a bank. Some day I'm going to form a society for the "Prevention of manufacturing cats into sausage", write him a lovely letter, wonder how much I'll get.



(Enter Mrs. and Miss Wilson, and Rev. Holland.)

*Rev. H.* Good morning, is Mr. Burbank in ?

*Terry.* No, he is not yet down.

*Mrs. W.* Why I always heard he was the first man on Wall Street to get to his office in the morning.

*Terry.* Well, yes'm, he used to be, but ever since—er—

*Mrs. W.* Ever since what ?

*Terry.* Well, you see ever since Miss Mabel came back he has been changing his habits a little.

*Miss W.* Oh, yes, that's his niece.—I hear she is very pretty ?

*Terry.* Pretty, why she's the prettiest girl in—fifty States.

*Miss W.* Oh, but there are only forty-five in the Union.

*Rev. H.* He was counting in the Territories, (they laugh). Let us see how patiently we can await his coming.

(They take seats at right around centre table).

*Terry.* At left. (Aside). Now that's a preacher, I can tell it by his hands, and he'll just work the old man for about \$5,000 to help him digest his breakfast. The first thing he is going to ask me, is if I go to Sunday School. I'll tell you right now, it won't take him long to find out all I know about Sunday School.

*Rev. H.* I suppose young man, that you know you are very fortunate to have employment under such a good man as Mr. Burbank, how did you get it ?

*Terry.* Well, you see it happened this way. I used to shine shoes once, and I was the only boy that could shine Mr. Burbank's to his satisfaction.

*Miss W.* That was a very good beginning, it shows that even as a boy, you could do something well. (Rev. H. nod's approvingly).

*Terry.* Ah, I don't say I did it so very well, it was just a secret I had that none of the boys were on to.

*Mrs. W.* A Secret ?

*Terry.* Yes'm, you see right here on his right foot, he had a bad corn, well all the other boys would shine that corn till his face was blue, but I just glanced it over nice and easy like, and he said there wasn't a one could touch me.

*Rev. H.* He must have worried a great deal to find a successor when you changed offices.

*Terry.* Oh, I fixed that all right, I told him I knew a fellow who could give me cards and spades.

*Mrs. W.* A very strange and unfavorable recommendation.

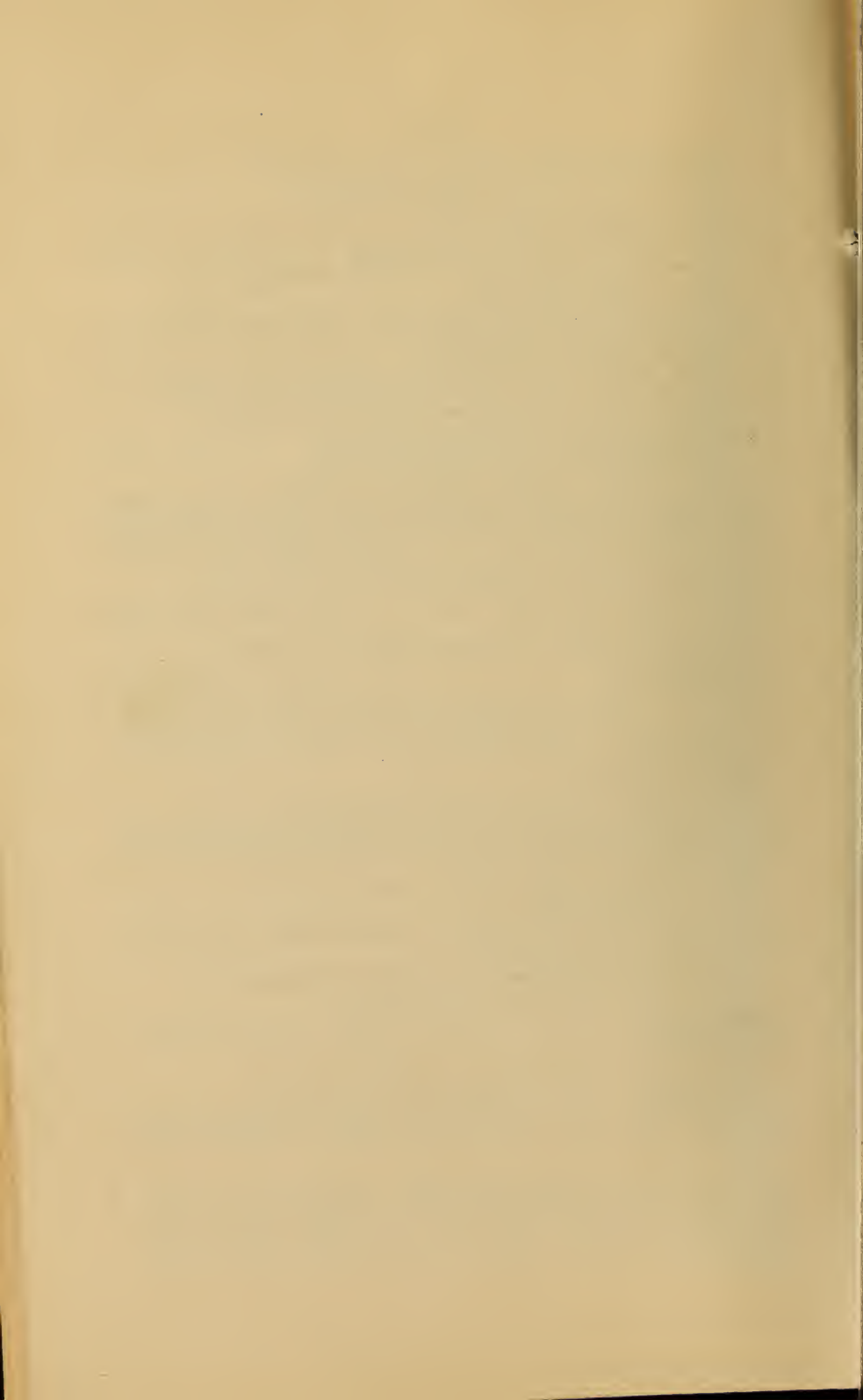
*Terry.* Well, I didn't just exactly say that.

*Miss W.* The expression was used to convey another idea altogether Mother.

*Rev. H.* Come finish the story, how did you "fix it" ?

*Terry.* Why, you see I just told the other boy the secret, and he filled the bill. (Rev. H. and Miss W. Laugh. Telephone rings furiously. Terry runs to 'phone almost upsetting Mrs. W. and a chair).

*Terry.* Hello !—Mr. Burbank's office,—No, he is not in,—expect him down at any moment,—88,—alright I'll tell him, yes I'll ask him. (puts up 'phone). (*Burbank's voice off rear*). Here Norton, how long do you intend to leave that ice on the sidewalk, there isn't enough to last an hour. (*Janitor's voice off rear*). Why sir that's not our ice.



*Burb. V.* Not our ice? Well, what's it doing down there then. Why don't you throw it down the cellar, or the elevator, or the sewer. It has no business laying there where it is, for people to break their necks over.

*Terry.* He has bumped that corn.

*Voice of B.* I noticed last night when I went home that you stuck a broom in the ash barrel, that had'nt been used two days. Do you suppose I am going to buy you a new broom every 15 minutes, because the Janitor next door has a new one?

*Voice J.* Why sir, that broom—

*Voice B.* Never mind, that will do. I know just what I am talking about, and if you propose to be extravagant, you will do so at your own expense. and the price of that broom comes off your salary. (Enter Burbank, half glances at his seated visitors, does not salute, seats himself at desk.

Terry quickly relieves him of his overcoat and hat.

*Burbank.* Terry.

*Terry.* Yes sir.

*Burbank.* If anyone calls to see me on anything but business, tell them they will have to call again when I have more time.

*Terry.* Yes sir; and Mr. Burbank,—Mr. Fields rang up about five minutes ago, and said that Rapid Transit opened at 88, and did you want him to sell?

*Burbank.* Opened at 88,—opened up at 88, and did he want me to sell? (laughs). Why, either Mr. Fields or you, or the telephone is crazy. 98 I guess, that's more like it. Why I thought you knew better than that. (Terry goes to 'phone and rings)

*Terry.* (Calls at phone) 436 please! (short wait). Hello, is this Mr. Field's—This is Mr. Burbank's office. What was that opening you gave on Rapid Transit this morning—Oh, *you* made a mistake?

*Burbank.* (laughs) Ask that great big imbecile if he expects me to sell at 88.

*Terry.* (Quickly) Why sir, don't you know any better than that, do you suppose?—

*Burbank.* Tell him to sell at a hundred and two and not a point less.

*Terry.* You are to hold until it reaches 102, when you are to sell—that's all. (rings off). Burbank has arisen and approached 'phone.

*Burbank.* Wait let me talk to him.

*Terry.* Shall I call him up again?

*Barbank.* No, never mind. (Burbank returns to seat) Terry.

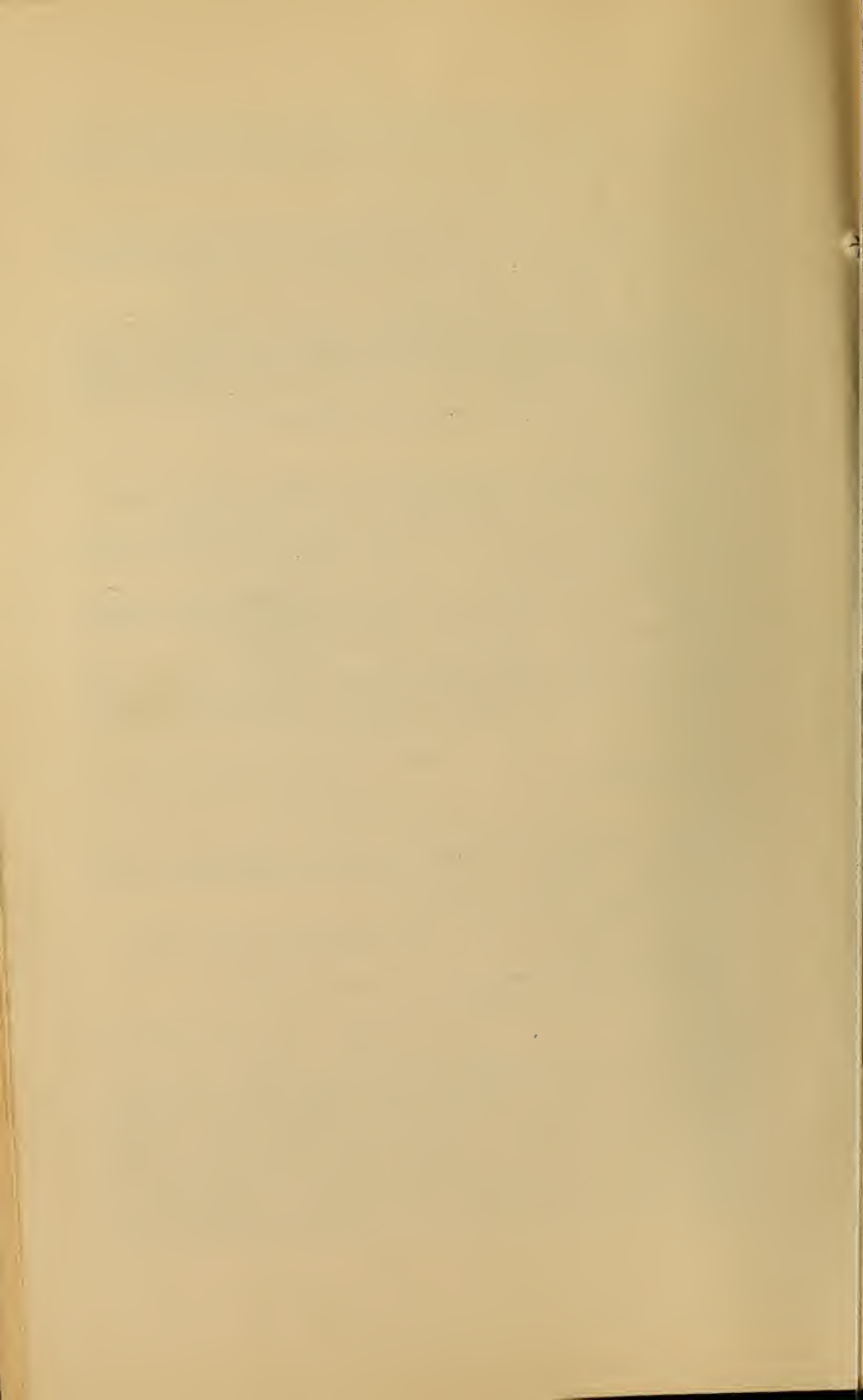
*Terry.* Yes sir.

*Burbank.* How long has this telegram been here?

*Terry.* Just a few minutes.

*Burbank.* (after opening and reading). I'll be quite busy for some time.

*Terry.* (Severely to guests) You see Mr. Burbanks will be *very busy* for sometime, this is Mr. Burbanks's *busy day*,—now you understand that on Mr. Burbank's *busy days* he cannot attend to anything but *business*, and while you understand Mr. Burbank would only be *too* glad to attend to any business you may have that requires his attention, you will readily understand that he is to busy to attend to *any* business but his own, and while he would'nt *like* to put you to the inconvenience of calling again, he would appreciate it very much if you *would* call again in about a week, or ten days. (They all rise in somewhat surprised manner,





ladies slightly annoyed, Holland smiling, reaches for his hat.) Burbank, who has seated himself and came into the room in a cross and disagreeable humor, listens to Terry in amusement, and finally laughs quietly.

*Burbank.* (Not to gruffly) Terry !

*Terry.* Yes sir. (Walks to right).

*Burbank.* That will do.

*Terry.* Yes sir. (Walks do right slightly abashed).

*Burbank.* (Turning to visitors) Please be seated. I'll see you in another minute. (To Terry, Take this letter over to Mr. Wilson's office; tell him I would like to know what he thinks about it. (Terry gets hat, and exit with paper). (Burbank continues to write at desk for a few moments, puts up pen, and turns in chair to his visitors. Looks at Holland, and laughs heartily).

*Burbank.* Holland, have you any boys like that over at the school. (Rises and advances to Mrs. Wilson, and shakes her hand) I don't suppose Mrs. Wilson, that in your long society experience you can recall ever having attended a Wall Street reception before?

*Mrs. W.* Well, I have been to Mr. Wilson's office once, or twice, and I am now of the opinion that his receptions (are quite up to the standard. (Burbank has shaken hands with Miss W. and Holland)

*Burbank.* Oh, then you have been to Mr. Wilson's office, and know what it is like; I had'nt thought of that.

*Miss W.* (To Burbank). I am afraid that you are sorry you repented.

*Burbank.* I ? Not abit of it, I could stay here, and chat all day. In fact I had it on the tip of my tongue to ask Mrs. Wilson to relate her experience in her husband's office, so I can have a laugh at *his* expense.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, it's soon told. I went down to Mr. Wilson's office between eleven and twelve in the morning, and a young scamp came up to me and asked whether there was anything he could do for me. I said, no sir, there was not,—that I wanted to see Mr. Wilson. He said Mr. Wilson was very busy, and I would have to wait. I replied I was in a hurry. He said he was very sorry; the whole time there was Mr. Wilson in the further part of the room, at his desk smoking a cigar, and reading a paper. I was so anxious to see him, and so ignorant of office etiquette, that I stood where I was, and called over to him, "Pet, can't I come over there, just a minute? You should have seen him. As for the office boy I never saw him again. Mr. Wilson jumped to his feet as though he were shot in the back,—well, he gave me the check I had come after, but we have never been able to decide whether he made a fool of himself, or one out of me. (They all laugh.)

*Burbank.* I suppose you have decided the matter in your own mind, so that it does'nt matter *what* he may think.

*Mrs. W.* Indeed, I have.

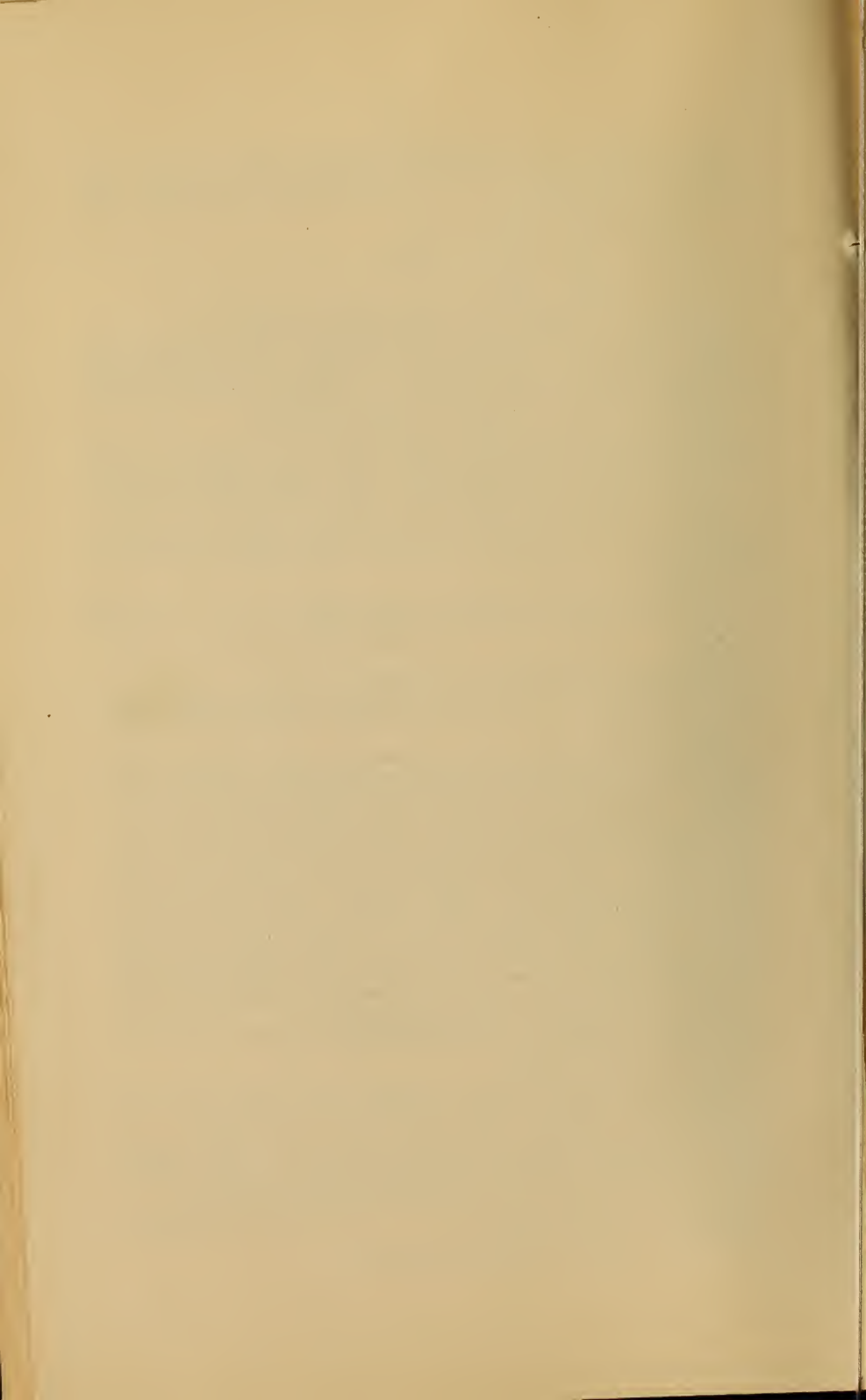
*Burbank.* Now, if you will not consider it importune, may I ask to whom, and for what purpose am I indebted for this visit?

*Holland.* Mr. Burbank, the matter is this. For some months past it has become evident that some important changes or necessary in our Battery Schools,—improvements that are urgently required to give the scholars better light and better ventilation.

*Burbank.* How long will it require to make the improvements?

*Holland.* About four weeks.

*Burbank.* And the necessary expenditure ?





*Holland.* It is estimated \$10,000.

*Burbank.* Which amount you would like to have me donate ?

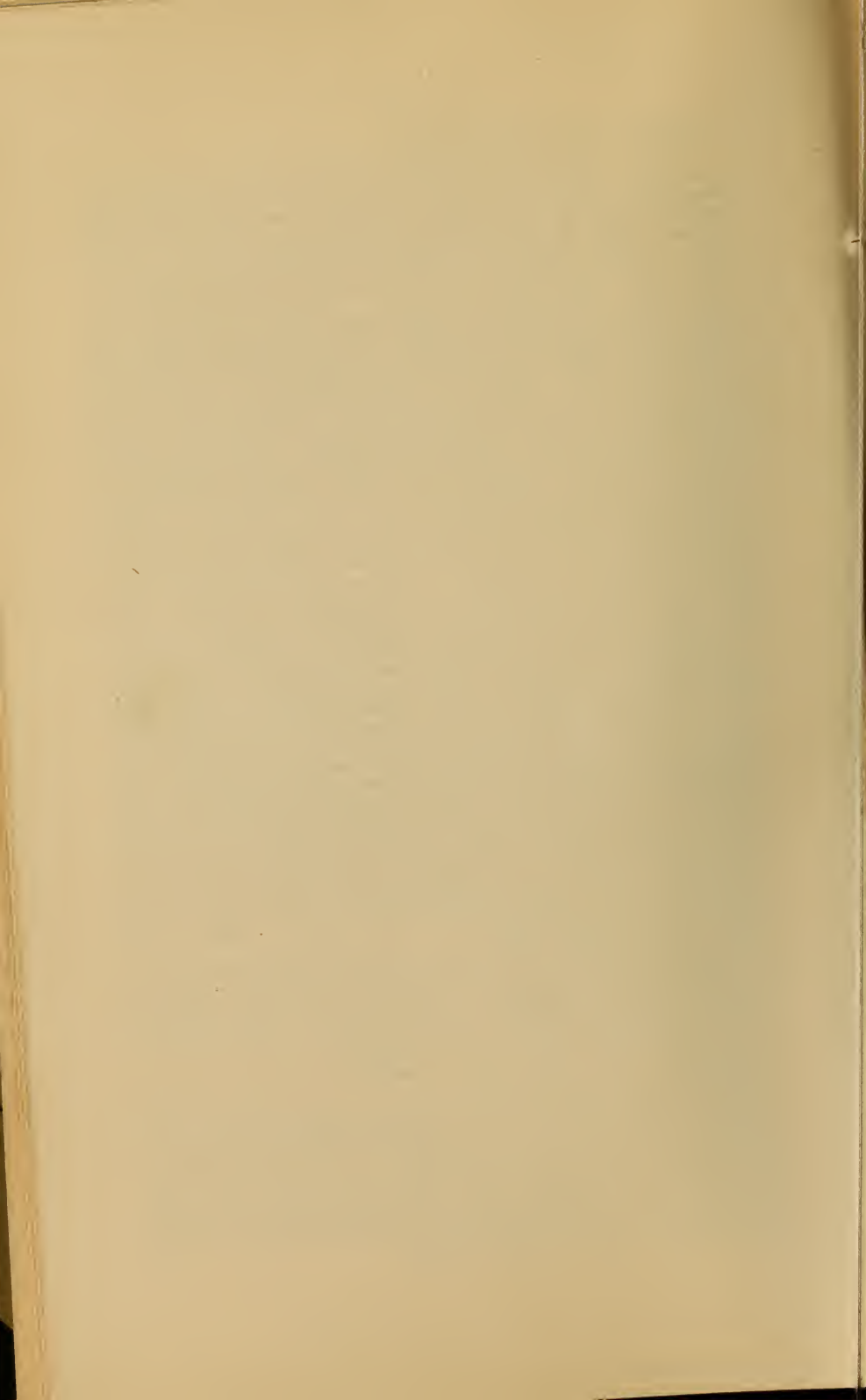
*Burbank.* Well sir, you have always come forward with such munificent gifts and endowments that have been utilized for the benefit of the poor and working people,—in fact, you have shown yourself to be such a noble and true Philanthropist, that for the sake of those who need it, and who will receive its benefits, I have come to ask for them your further help, and financial assistance.

*Burbank.* Well, Holland ! sit down. Now let me tell you something ; for the first time in many, many years I am going to do that, which is greatest against my innermost wishes, against my nature, and against my actual duty, as I have heretofore felt it, and that is,—*refuse*. But I am going to give with my refusal, that which I have never given to any man before,—my *reasons*. You all, in fact the world knows me only as a *Philanthropist*, and a millionaire, but there is one page in my life that is folded over, that no one has ever read. That is my private life. I tell this now because I want to it become known. I have adopted a daughter, a child of boyhood acquaintance. When she was young I placed her at boarding school ; only saw her once in six months, or a year, so that she was almost a stranger to me. Now that she has grown to be a young lady, she has returned to me, and I am at a loss to know what to do, or what is best for her. I have, as you know, spent my time and my money for the benefit of humanity. I have done so, in fact it has been my one aim,—my one ambition to benefit the working people, from one of which, I, by my own efforts have risen. But now things have changed. I thought I had but *one obligation*, to care for *mankind*, now. I find when it is almost too late that I should care and provide for her and at last, for *myself*. (Bitterly). Yes, Yes, I cared for the world, but what cares the world for me ? I used to move among the wisest of men with free, and fearless stride, and they *feared me*, but now I am growing old, many of my best laid plans have been undermined, and *lately*, the very people, with whom I went *shoulder to shoulder*, are out there on the street making *bear* raise on me. so I have at last concluded to quit Wall Street, draw out of my many schemes, discontinue my philanthropic work, and spent the rest of my days making her happy, and caring a little bit for myself. I have really, but one regret, which is, I have shunned society, for now that I would like to bring out this little girl into the circle and position her beauty, refinement, and wealth she shall have at my death would entitle her, I find myself unable to do so, as she has no mother. and I am unable to engineer such matters. (Mrs. W. and Miss W. talk together aside.)

*Holland.* There are but few men in this world who see their duty, still less that perform it. You have had the will, and courage to see and do yours. And I doubt not the same true heart and mind that has guided you heretofore, guides you now. The good you have done is immeasurable ; if you do not get your reward in this world, doubt not, there be one in heaven.

*Burbank.* Well, all that will do. (Aside) I don't feel just now like skipping over there to see.

*Mrs. W.* You speak almost as though you feared the world were ungrateful. My daughter and I have just discussed the matter. I want to make the following proposition, but before I do so. I warn you, I shall not accept a refusal. One week from to-day,—next Monday, my daughter and I give a reception at our house, your ward,—your daughter, let us call her, will, and must be there as my guest of honor and protege, and shall make her debut into the best society, under my care and guidance. and if you will permit it, we will call on her this evening.



*Burbank.* (Delighted) What? You will do that? Why Mrs. and Miss Wilson, you have solved the problem, and nothing could make me happier. I am going to take it upon myself to answer for her, she will be there! (They are preparing to leave.) And by the bye, I guess I may as well give you that ten thousand; (sitting down at desk and writing check).

*Mrs. W.* Mr. Burbank!

*Burbank.* This is such a little amount (scratching his head) and there is more where this came from. (Holding out check to Mr. Holland.) This, I can truthfully say, is the first gift that I have ever made that under the guise of Philanthropic work, is for value received. (They try to thank him, but he pushes them to the door, and almost out). Good-bye, Good-bye. Come see me again, etc.

*Miss W.* (To Holland and Mrs. W.) You all go on, I want to say a word to Mr. Burbank, and I will catch up with you right away. (Exit Mrs. W. and Holland.)

*Miss W.* (Quickly and excitedly taking both his hands.) You are the dearest, and best old darling I ever met in the world, and I want to give you a hug, (throwing arms around his neck) and a kiss. (Exits hastily).

*Burbank.* (Suddenly calling at the door). I ain't so old either. (Sadly) Resumes writing at his desk. Money's good for something anyway, but I have been a darned long time finding it out. (Enter Sidney Gordon.)

*Gordon.* (To Burbank). Good morning,—this is Mr. Cyrus Burbank?

*Burbank.* Yes Sir.

*Gordon.* I,—er—called to see—whether I can see you for a few moments.

*Burbank.* Is that all?—Take a good look.

*Gordon.* I didn't mean I came up here to look at you, I want to speak to you.

*Burbank.* (Continuing to write). Well go ahead and speak.

*Gordon.* I am Sidney Gordon. I thought perhaps you would remember me. If you are so very busy, of course I can come again. (Burbank has looked up for the first time.)

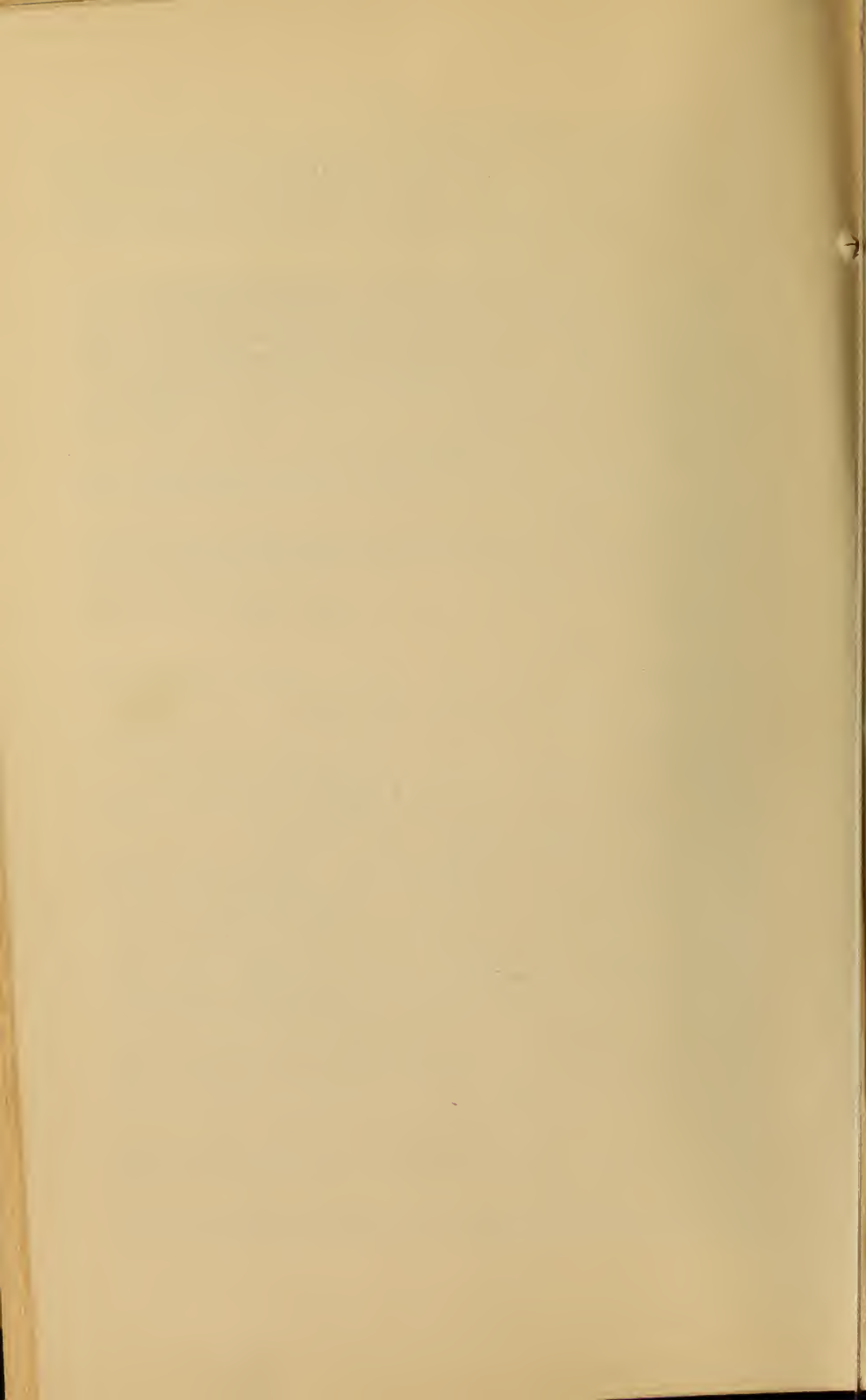
*Burbank.* You Sidney Gordon? Well, I'll declare! Why your father and I were great friends for years. I am sorry you don't take after him. He was the boldest and ablest financier I ever met, while you, I have been told, can't do a thing but change your collar, cuffs, and necktie ten times a day, and spend money.

*Gordon.* Very kind of your informant I am sure. While I am obliged to correct the statement, as to the number of times, I change my collars and cuffs a day. I have to admit I have spent some of my money rather freely, but that is all a thing of the past. I am going to be very steady, and reserved from now on.

*Burbank.* Is that so, what to you intend to do? Go in to Wall Street, like your father did? If that is your plan, let me warn you, out of friendship for your dead father, stay out. You can loose more there in five minutes, than you can spend with all of your extravagances in six months.

*Gordon.* No! my father's last words to me were,—“I have made enough for you to live a hundred years on, promise me you will never go into any speculation whatever”, I gave him my word of honor,—and I have kept it.

*Burbank.* Ah, he was a smart man 'til the last. Did he ever tell you, how he, John Wilson, and I, came to build the Delaware Short line, of which I am President?



*Gordon.* No, he never did. I would like to hear the story.

*Burbank.* Well, the plan was originally mine, and I secured the right of way, John Wilson put up some of the money, and your father was to pull the wires. At that time your father was a large stockholder of the Hudson River Trunk Line, and with a few of his influential friends, was able to dictate the policy of that road. Of course we bonded the road for what it was worth at the beginning, but the stock of which there was only 100,000 shares, was divided in this manner. John Wilson and I got 40,000 shares each, and your father was given 20,000 shares outright, but we expected, and it was agreed *among ourselves*, that he was to get our little 90 mile road *subsidized by the Trunk Line*, which would have run its earnings up to the top notch, and made all of *our* stock very valuable. Well, he worked night and day, and had the matter so far arranged that the transfer was *on the point* of being completed when he took *sick* and died. And although Wilson and I have worked on the problem,—we have never been able to get the matter back to the point that it was at his death, and we both now realize, that as long as we hold the majority of the stock ourselves, we will never succeed.

*Gordon.* I am surprised you have never succeeded. I am not familiar with the stock myself, as it is all held for me, and I suppose it is voted by my attorney, Harland Fields, who attends to those matters for me. That reminds me I have'n't told you what I came up here for,—the fact is, I met a young lady once or twice in the park, and although I have asked a dozen fellows who she was, I have'n't been able to find anyone who knew her, or could introduce me because I am very anxious to meet her.

*Burbank.* Well, it's no use coming up here to ask me ! I don't know a half dozen ladies in town.

*Gordon.* Well, hold on a minute ! I think you must know this one, in fact every evening, after leaving the Park, she goes right straight to your house, and is let in at the front door by the servant.

*Burbank.* What ? Is that the lady you mean ? Why she is just a girl, a little bit of a girl, and tell me sir what did you mean, how dared you follow her ?

*Gordon.* I beg your pardon if I have offended ! I did not follow her in the exact meaning of the word, I observed from a respectful distance which house she entered, and as to her being a "girl, a little but of a girl," why the young lady I refer to is a young lady, and not a girl, although she may have been a girl a year ago.

*Burbank.* (Crossly). Is it the custom for ladies to give out hand bills informing the general public where she lives, so that anybody that happens to be in the park will be informed ?

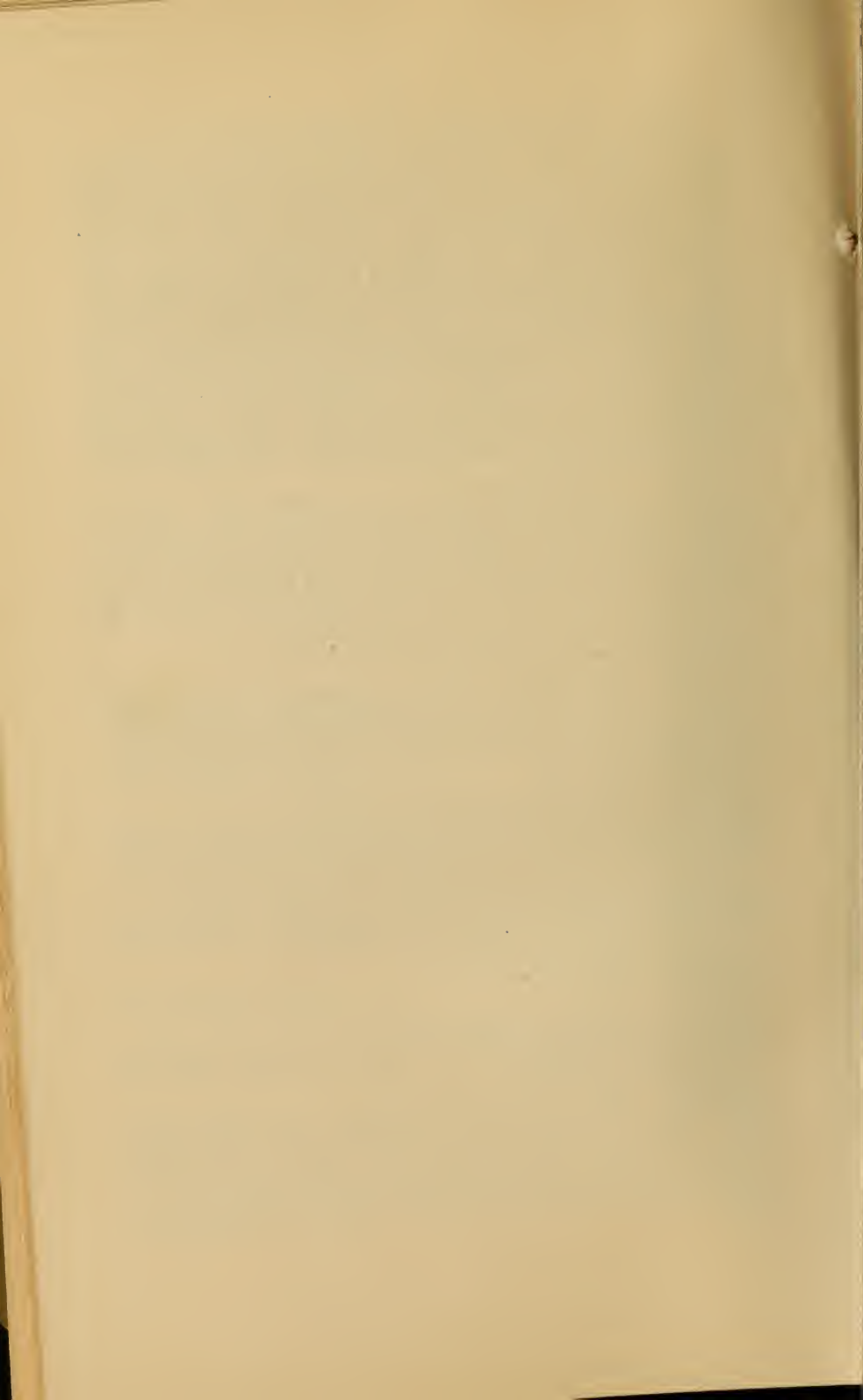
*Gordon.* (Sharp). No, it is not ?

*Burbank.* Then what are you worrying yourself about the matter so for ?

*Gordon.* (Pleading). I want to meet her,—I want to know her,—I want you to tell her you know me, and I want you to ask her whether you can introduce me, and whether I can call, that's all,—now do you understand ?

*Burbank.* (Dryly). Yes, I am sorry to say I am beginning to understand. Now young man to be frank, I don't know you—I never saw you before in my life, you have never been identified here ! I don't know anything about your habits, or companions, and as to my niece, she is my niece, you understand, she is very young yet, and she won't know any more about you than I do, unless she can remember the color of your eyes, or how you part your hair.





*Gordon.* (Sharp). Well, old man, that's enough—you need'n't say a word more. I came here determined to do what was right, but it's evident you are not disposed to meet me in the right spirit. I'll come up and see you again in the morning, perhaps by that time you will have reconsidered the matter.

*Burbank.* (Aside). "Old man", I have'n't licked anybody since I knocked the stuffs out of that cab driver for running over a cat, but I believe I can lick him. (Aloud) Oh, just hold on a minute, I know how to solve it. Do you know Miss Edith Wilson?

*Gordon.* (Greatly confused). Yes.

*Burbank.* On her visiting list?

*Gordon.* Ye— yes.

*Burbank.* Well, next Monday evening, my niece will make her debut at Mrs. Wilson's, and if you are there I will be pleased to introduce you provided you have'n't changed your mind by that time.

*Gordon.* (Aside). Ghee whiz, one whole week. (Aloud) Who is going to take her?

*Burbank.* (Tapping his chest proudly) This gentleman.

*Gordon.* I shall be there unless I am in the morgue, or graveyard. I am ever so much obliged, come, let's shake hands. (They shake hands). I hope I have'n't wasted too much of your valuable time. Good morning. (Exit Gordon.)

*Burbank.* He is a pretty square sort of a fellow. I tried my best to rile him, treated him pretty rough, but he was too smooth for me. I wonder if his father also coached him "beware of quarrels." (Returns to desk and begins writing.) (Enter John H. Wilson. Calls as he enters.)

*Wilson.* Hello old man, how are you this morning? (They shake hands.)

*Burbank.* (Testily.) Old man—you are the third this morning, can't you call me something else?

*Wilson.* Why, what's the matter? I've been calling you old man every morning for the last twelve years

*Burbank.* Well, you'll have to swear off—call me Cyrus—call me Cy. I'll call you John.

*Wilson.* All-right that's a go just to think though it took you twelve years to make up your mind to tell me.

*Burbank.* No, I never thought of it before this morning.

*Wilson.* What do you think Rapid Transit is going to do?

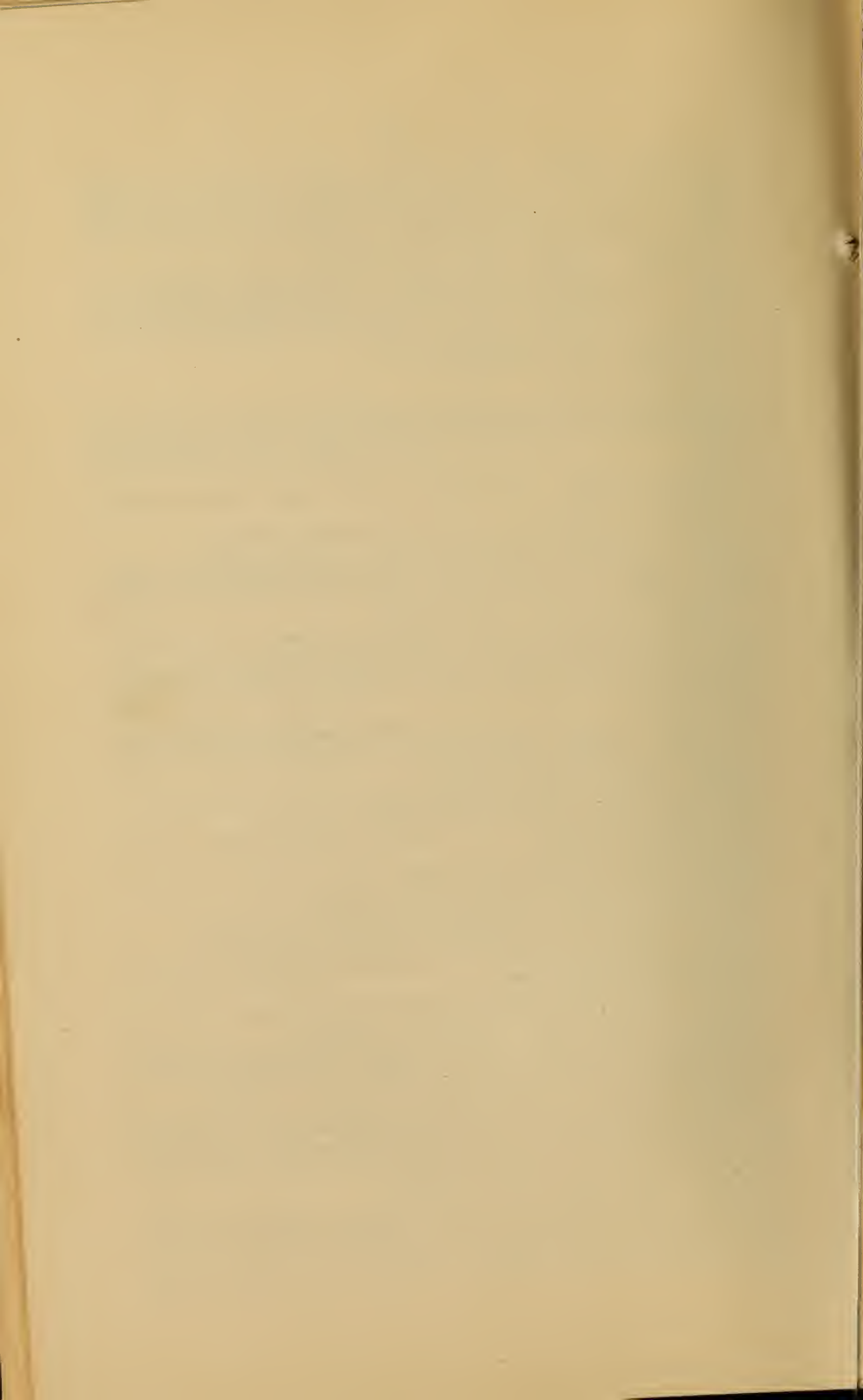
*Burbank.* You are on the inside, besides I am hardly interested, what do you think about it?

*Wilson.* Well, some of us are going to try and make it move up if we can—you might buy 5000 shares to help lift.

*Burbank.* I have some confidence in your judgment. I'll do it. By the by, we have the election of officers of the Delaware Short Lines Tuesday morning. Guess you will be there (Pause.)

*Wilson.* You seem to have Harland Field's proxy in your vest pocket. You will be the next President again without my showing up. I have been thinking of turning my 40,000 shares loose, as it does not seem we can do what we want with the road, but of course, I will give you the first option of buying.

*Burbank.* (Seriously). (After a short pause.) I have been wanting to buy your interests for several years, and you know it, but to tell you the truth, and this must be confidential, I want to get out of it myself,—not that I have'n't a conviction the Trunk Line will have to absorb it sooner or later at our figures, but because I have





made up my mind to quit plotting, fighting, and scheming, arrange my affairs as safely as I can, and *retire from active business entirely.*

Wilson. You don't say so? Well you are a man of ability, but it's always a good thing to know when to quit.

Burbank. Do you think you could handle the 40,000 shares?

Wilson. Yes, it is a fair investment, in fact at 80, I'll take them now.

Burbank. No, you won't. (*Pause*) Not a point under par. (*Pause*).

Wilson. You'll have to excuse me.

Burbank. (*Short.*) Excused you are.

Wilson. (*Laughingly.*) We are as far from a settlement as ever—I guess it will go on like this for two years more.

Burbank. Well, come now what do you think they are worth?

Wilson. I told you—I don't think we can ever agree—I'll give you 85.

Burbank. You seem disposed to buy and not to buy for \$95.00 a share, you can have the 40,000 shares, and that offer is good for five minutes.

Wilson. I don't know whether I could raise the funds easily even at 85, but at 95 I won't even try.

Burbank. No danger about being unable to raise the money, the road is improving of its own accord without the Trunk Line subsidizing it.

Wilson. Well, I'll sleep on it. (*Gets up, shake hands and exit. (Returns almost at once before Burbank has moved.)*)

Wilson. You remember General Grant's famous statement, "I will fight it out on these lines if it takes six months", I just thought of that as I stepped out, so decided to come back, otherwise I don't think it will ever be settled. I'll make you one final offer. \$90 00 accept, or decline you can buy mine or sell yours. It's to be settled right now, this morning, or never. What do you say?

Burbank. Can you pay spot cash?

Wilson. (*Very cautiously.*) I don't think I can.

Burbank. (*After a moment's thought.*) I'll accept your offer of \$90 00 a share for my 40,000 shares, delivery and payment to be made Wednesday of next week, ten days from to-day, at eleven o'clock in the morning at your office.

Wilson. Why do you stipulate ten days?

Burbank. To give you the time to raise the money, and because I never from an old custom, make any large transaction without 10 days being understood.

Wilson. Oh, very well, if you want it that way, let it go. Draw up the agreement.

Burbank. *Turns to desk and writes.*

Burbank. (*Reads.*) "In consideration of one dollar, to me in hand paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, and in further consideration of the sum of Ninety Dollars for each and every share to be paid on delivery of stock, I hereby agree to deliver to John H. Wilson at his office, 46 Nassau Street,—on the 21st day of November, 189—, between the hours of 11 A. M., and 12 M., 40,000 shares of the capital stock of the Delaware Short Line Railroad Company. Total consideration, \$3600,001, of which is \$3,600,000 is yet unpaid. Issued in duplicate,  
Cyrus Burbank.

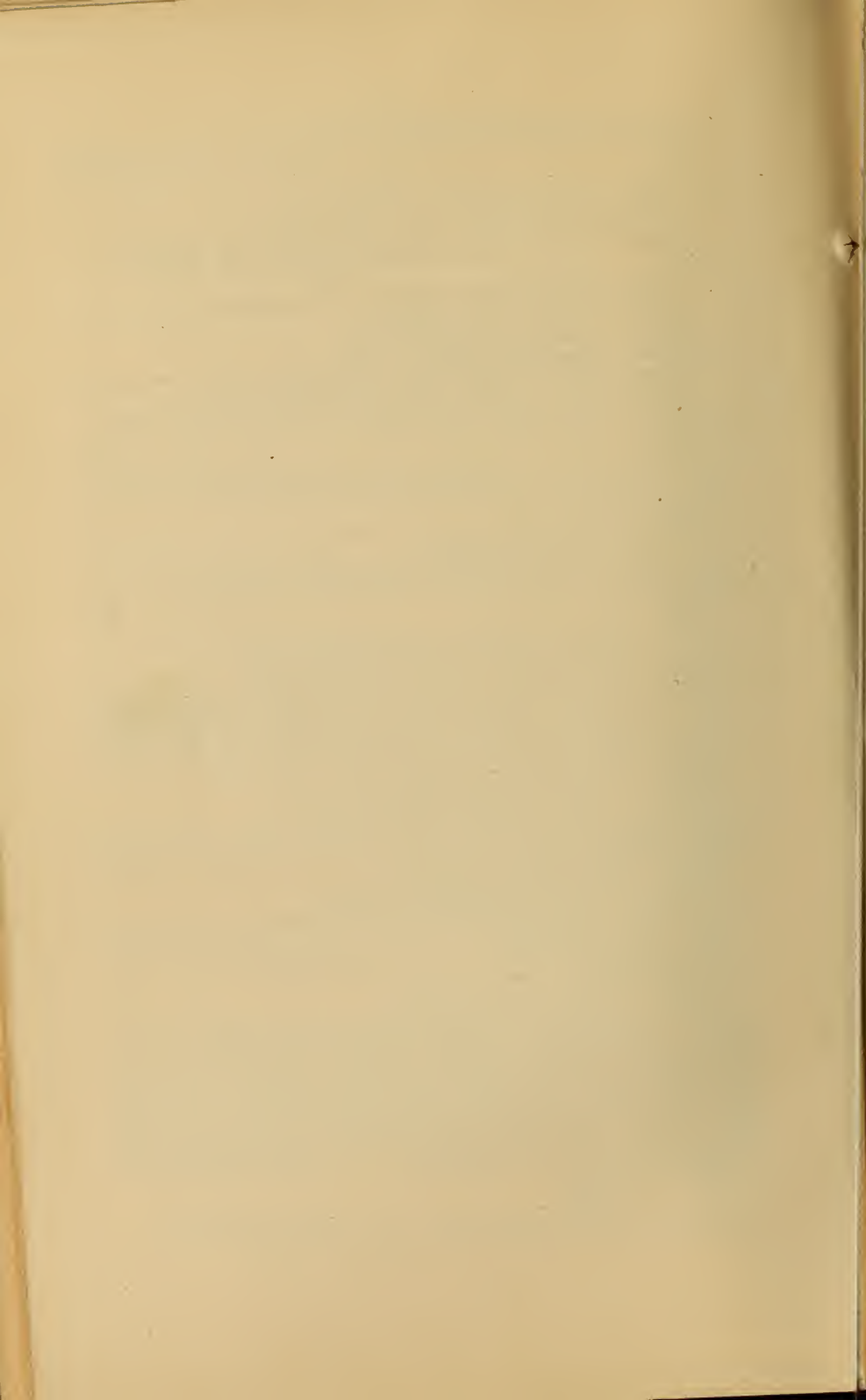
(*Hands to Wilson.*)

Wilson. Accepted.

(*Signs*)

Jno. H. Wilson."

(*Burbank keeps one copy and hands Wilson one copy.*)



Wilson. Well, Cy, I'm a pretty good customer, won't you come open a bottle of champagne?

Burbank. No, by Jingo, you have fleeced me, take a cigar, and get out, I hav'n't finished opening my mail. (*He opens a drawer, takes out box cigars. He and Wilson each take one,—Wilson lights match, and holds for Burbank, both smoke up—shake hands.*)

Wilson. Well, I'll see you in the morning.

Burbank. Good-bye John. (*Exits Wilson.*)

(*Burbank takes a seat at desk, takes up pen, but instead of writing, looks up at blank wall, and puffs smoke, appears thoughtful, annoyed, then uneasy; finally, angry, gets up, puts his hands behind his back, and walks up and down very thoughtfully.* I wonder if John Wilson came here with the intention of buying that stock? (*Pause.*) (*Continues walking.*) I wonder if Jno. Wilson came here to buy that stock at any price?—I wonder if Jno. H. Wilson could have formed a combine to subsidize that road without letting me know a thing about it, and then have the brass to snap up my stock,—of course if he has, I have been a big fool, a very big fool. He knows very well that I have borrowed nearly three million on it, he knows very well that I will have to pay back to the banks nearly every dollar he pays me.

I wonder if Jno. H. Wilson remembers that not less than three times in the last ten years, when he could not get a dollar when he needed it the most, and when financial disaster stared him in the face, that, I, Cyrus Burbank, his friend, his old comrade, the Philanthropist, the millionaire, came to his rescue, and saved him from bankruptcy and dishonor?

Why, whose plan was it? Mine. Who got the right of way? I did. Who gave Jno. Wilson the chance of his life? I did. I have been his friend from first to last. Ah, pshaw, this is all my imagination, he wouldn't treat me so, he wouldn't reaped all the grain and leave me the chaff. No, no, I'm getting foolish. John is fair and square, and true as steel.

Terry. (*Shrieks.*) (*Footsteps heard running through the hall.*) (*Terry enters, face flushed, collar crushed, etc.*) Mr. Burbank, Delaware Short Line is way up. (*Shouting out on street.*)

Burbank. (*Shrieks.*) What?

Terry. People fighting for it like mad, only one thousand shares on the exchange, and it's changed hands fifty times everybody says you are a wizard, a Napoleon, and a whole lot of other fine names. (*Enter Harland Fields, also excited, perspiring, followed by two newspaper reporters.*)

Fields. (*Grasping Burbank's hand and wringing it joyously.*) Let me congratulate you, you are a wizard, a wonder, the people are fighting for Delaware Shortline Stock like mad. Why it was'n't 15 minutes ago, that the news got out Trunk Line and Delaware were to consolidate, and upon the terms demanded by you. The Trunk Line men were down there bidding for the stock. Yes sir, I want to congratulate you, you have planned the matter for years, and now are crowned with victory and success. (*Shouting and rumbling outside continues.*)

1st Rep. Mr. Burbank, do you mind saying whether the consolidation of Trunk Line and Delaware, will lead to good results?

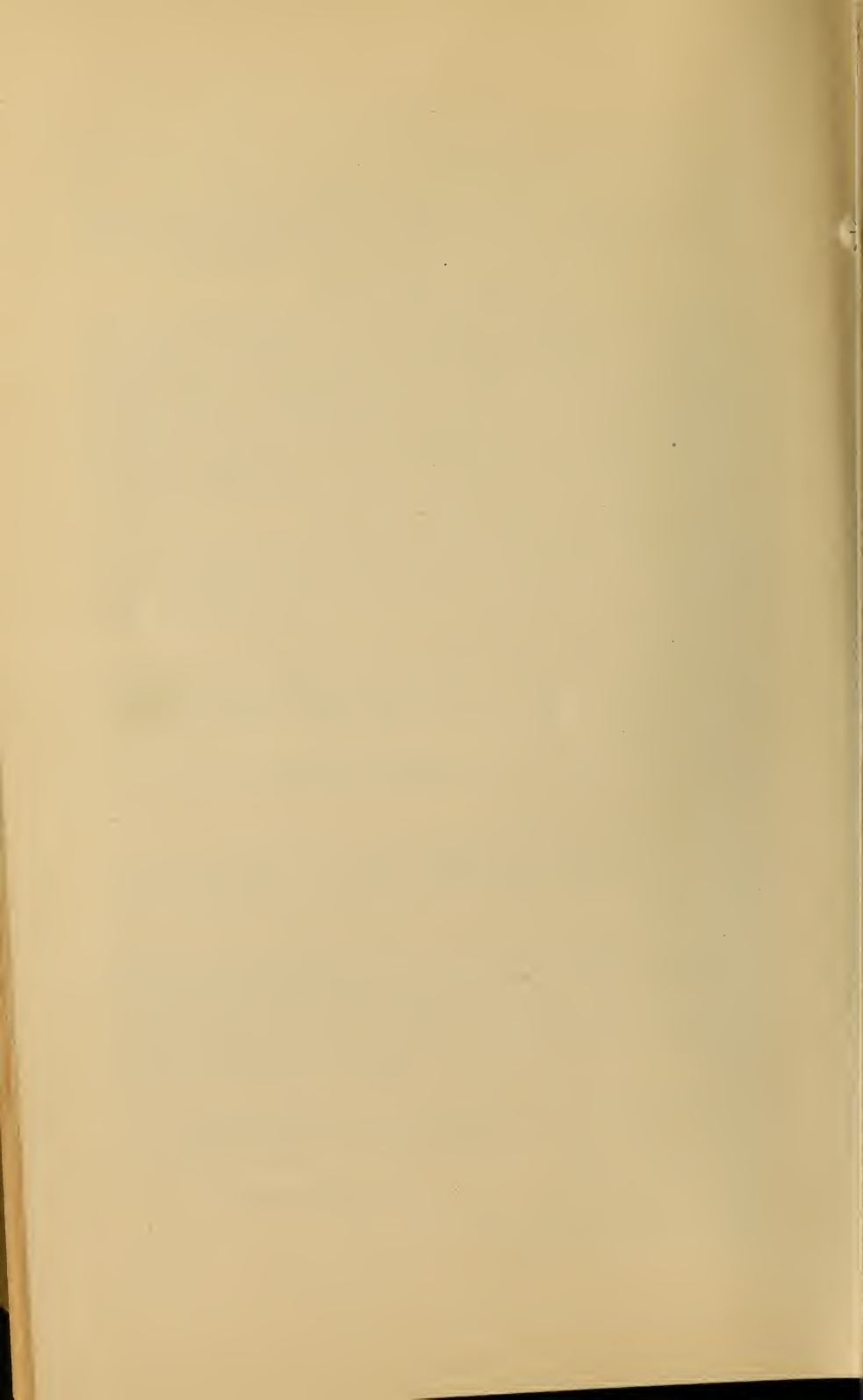
Burbank. The combine will improve the earnings, and reduce the expense of both roads.

Rep. How long have you worked for the present results?

Burbank. Three years.

Rep. How much will you make by the deal?

Burbank. Several millions.



*Rep.* Thanks, that's all. (*Exit 1st Reporter.*)

*2nd Rep.* Mr. Burbank, the Bears say that you have'nt got a share of Delaware stock to your name,—that you have sold out ?

*Burbank.* I have 40,000 shares of Delaware Short Line Stock in the vault of the Union Trust Company, not one share of which has ever left my possession. (*Sits down and writes.*) I make this statement over my signature, which has always stood for honesty and truth. (*Hands Reporter paper.*)

*Rep.* Thanks. (*Rushes out.*)

*Enter two Farmers and Preachers with hand satchels.*

*Preacher.* Is Mr. Cyrus Burbank in the office ?

*Burbank.* Yes sir, what do you want ? (*Rumbling and Shouting continues.*)

*Preacher.* Well sir, you see we've called to see him on a little business, me and Brother Jones (*pointing to first Farmer.*) Farmer Jones bows, and Burbanks shakes his hand, and Brother Simon, (*pointing to second Farmer.*) (*Brother Simon shuffles forward, and shakes hands.*) we have been appointed a committee of three by the citizens of Conner's Flats to come to New York to attend to a little business.

*Farmer J.* As a delegation from the City of Conner's Flats, we have come to the City of New York to call on all of the good people.

*Farmer S.* And as we heard you were a very good man, we thought we would call on you first.

*Burbank.* Well, gentlemen, in what manner can I serve you, please be brief, as I have some very important business to attend to. (*Fields walks out of the door. Burbanks calls to him,*) (*he stops.*) (*Very earnestly*) Fields—come back in two minutes, (*looks at watch*), I have something of very great importance to tell you

*Fields.* I am just going to the next office, and will be back right away.

*Burbank.* Now gentlemen.

*Deacon.* You see Mr. Burbank, we raised seven hundred dollars to build our church, but there is a mortgage of three hundred dollars on the church, and the organ, and the man says he is going to take the organ, and sue us all for the balance on the church.

*Farmer J.* So we was appointed a committee to come to New York to see the good people.

*Farmer S.* And go round and see them all, and see if we couldn't raise the money to save the organ, and pay up the church.

*Burbank.* In other words, you need three hundred dollars, and you have come to New York to get it.

*All.* That's it,—Yes sir, etc.

*Burbank.* About how many people do you suppose you would have to see ?

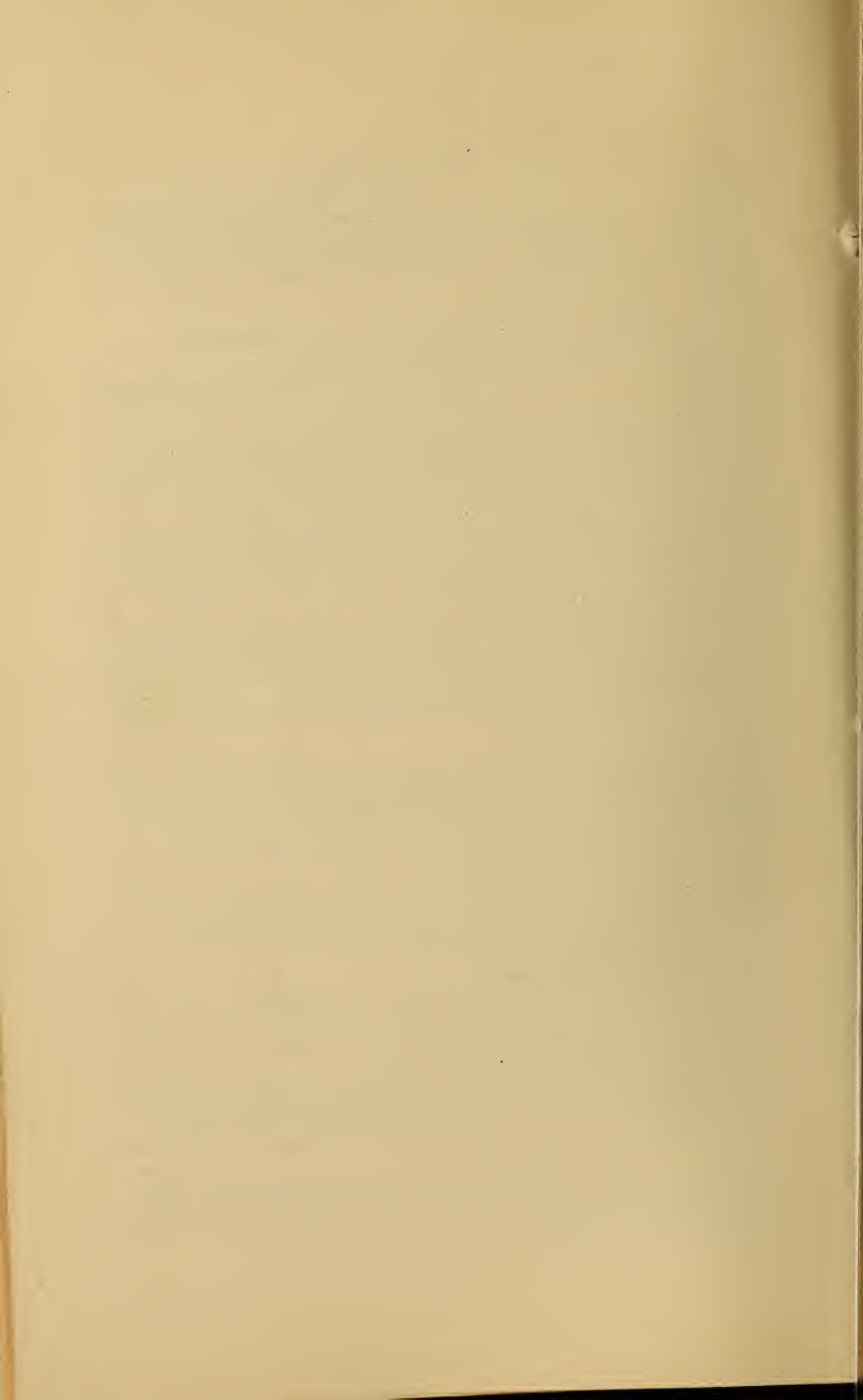
*Bro. S.* Well, the Deacon, he calculated about 250, but Bro. Jones and myself calculated about 300.

*Burbank.* (*Sitting down at desk and beginning to write.*) The time it would take to find 300 people would be worth Three Trinity Churches, and Half of Central Park. How should I make this check out ?

*Bro. S.* Well, you better make it out to the order of all three of us.

*Burbank.* (*Fiercely.*) What ? Do you expect me to waste a quart of ink. Here,—Chemical National Bank,—pay Cash Three Hundred Dollars,—*hands check to Bro. Simon.* Bro. Simon hands it to Jones,—*Jones hands it to the Deacon.*

*Deacon.* Mr. Burbank. (*Rumbling outside continued.*)





*Burbank.* You will have to excuse me I am very busy.

*Bro. J.* Mr. Burbank,—

*Bro. S.* Mr. Burbank,—*Burbank silences them, and he and Terry crowd them to the door.)*

*Bro. J.* By gosh, I am going to thank you, you are the dogonest, fairest, squarest, goldonest, persistent man I ever knowed. If you will come down Christmas I'll just give you the finest dinner you ever eat, and mother will be thickled to death.

*Burbank.* (*Much affected*) (*smiles, shake hands with all.*) Would you like to see me down for Christmas, sure enough?

*Jones.* Would I?

*Burbank.* Well, I'll accept your invitation, if I'm alive I'll be there!

*Bro. J.* Thank you Sir! I'll expect you now and be prepared such as it is. (*The three disappear down hall, Burbanks returns left centre, stands musing. Terry goes to door calls softly.*)

*Terry.* You better hurry Deacon! the bank might bust.

*Deacons.* (*Voice off rear*) Reckon? (*Ter y shakes his head*) Yes! (*Burbank walks to left centre, shows some excitement as he talks to himself.*)

*Burbank.* (*aside*) So Wilson has turned on me. He thinks that I will just lay down and not even kick. Oh, they think I can't fight any more, but I'll fool him. (*Very slowly as if studying the matter out in his own mind.*) Next Wednesday morning I will have to deliver my 40,000 shares. Stock sold at 90 that on to-day's market is worth 250. But just wait a minute, Mr. Wilson *don't be so fast*. Next Tuesday morning (*smiling to himself*), one day before I deliver the stock, the stockholders hold their meeting. (*Short pause*). Yes, this is what I will have to do—sell all the stock I can place at to-day's figure—Reject the offer to consolidate, and wreck the Road—by issuing bonds, voting big salaries and doing everything I can to make that stock take a tumble. I'll be through with the road after that, and they can have it, but at quite a different figure. (*Laughs.*) Worth two hundred and fifty to-day. I wonder what it will be worth Wednesday evening at two o'clock, won't be able to give it away. He won't feel so good Wednesday morning between 11 and 12 o'clock when I walk in to deliver. (*Enter Harland Fields*)

*Fields.* Hope I have'nt kept you waiting?

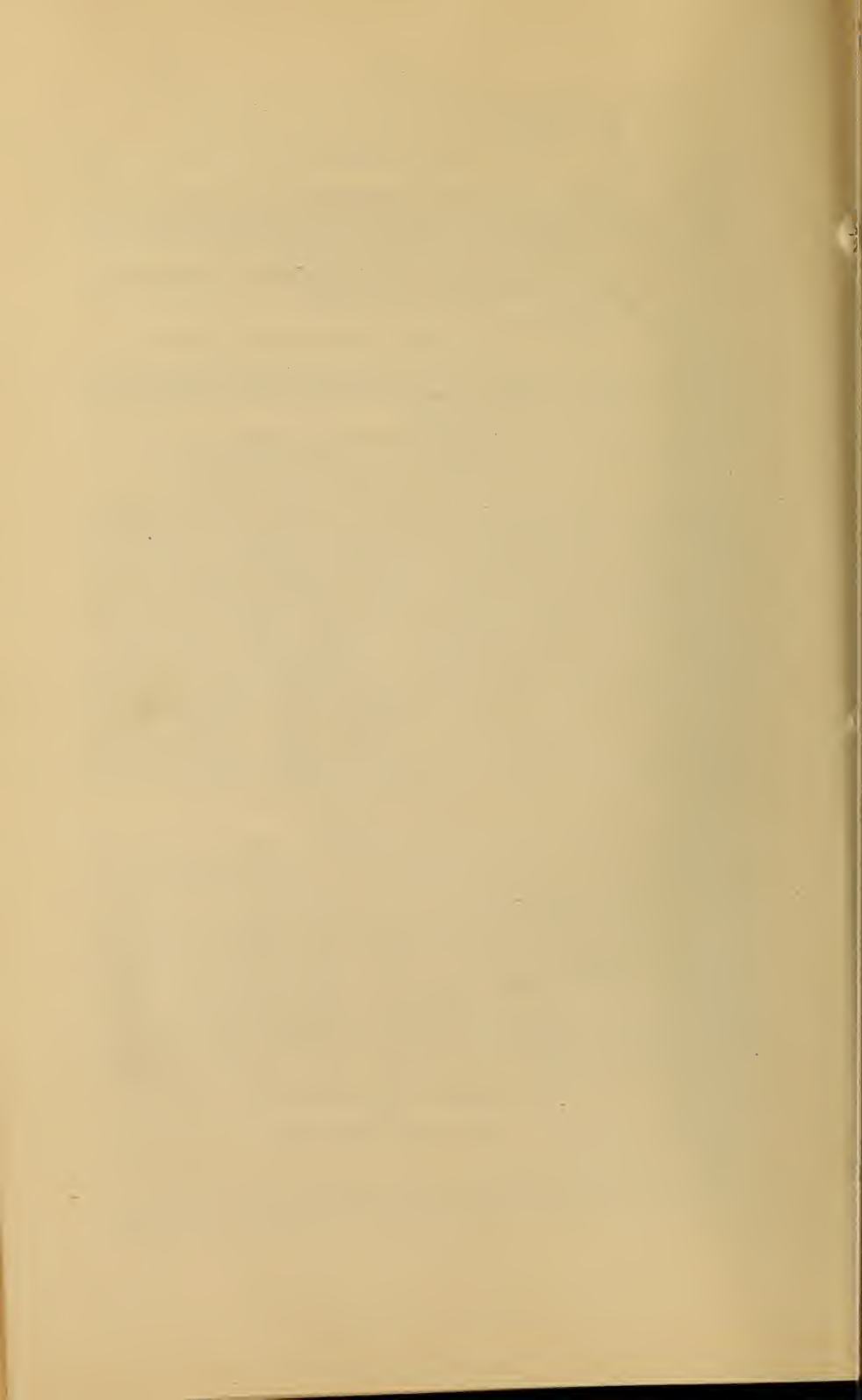
*Burbank.* No, I've been busy every minute, come here, (*they walk together to front centre*). I have been waiting to see about this matter for some time, and I know I will give a pleasant surprise; you know Fields I am getting old, what you do not know, is, I am going to retire from Wall Street,—now I have'nt so many friends but that I can remember all of their faces, and I always considered you as one of my best, besides I admire your pluck, and energy, and I do not think the day very far off when you can count your millions.—You know next Tuesday is the election of officers of the Delaware Short Line, the Directors to also transact any other business that may come up before it? I do not intend to be re-elected President again as it requires too much of my time, and would interfere with my plan to retire. I have, therefore, decided to elect you Preident.

*Fields.* (*Amazed and overwhelmed*). Why Mr. Burbank I will never be able—

*Burbank.* (*Interrupting*). Never mind any thanks. I only must make two requests.

*Fields.* Anything you ask.

*Burbank.* The first is, that you are positively not to mention to a single, living soul that you and I are to vote together on the Pre-





sidency, although we have always done so before, but not by agreement.

*Fields.* I readily promise that.

*Burbank.* The second is, that you and I are to vote together *solid* on everything that comes up for a vote.

*Fields.* Why, you know I have always done that, and will give you my promise.

*Burbank.* Now Fields I have but one thing to ask you to bear in mind, which is,—I am willing to do all in my power for you; if you stand by me your mark is made.

*Fields.* I will never be able to half thank you.

*Enter Ethel Jordan. (Fields steps aside and talks to Terry.)*

*Burbank.* (Sees her as she enters, greets her very earnestly, taking both her hands). Why Ethel, how nice of you to come down, what brought you here?

*Ethel.* I had to come to town to do some shopping, and so came in to see if you wouldn't take me to lunch with you.

*Burbank.* Will. I? will I? well I should say we will. (Turning to Fields) Harland I want to introduce you to my niece Miss Jordan. (Fields steps forward.) (Introducing them,) Mr. Harland Fields,—Miss Ethel Jordan. (they bow and smile) Now we are going out to have lunch, wouldn't you like to join us.

*Fields.* I should like to very much, but I have promised to take lunch with Mr. Sidney Gordon

*Burbank.* Well, may be he would join us?

*Ethel.* Oh, no uncle.

*Burbank.* Why not?

*Ethel.* They may have some business to talk over.

*Burbank.* Business be hanged! But I guess you are right. Well, I will have to attend to something first, it will only take me a minute, you had better not wait on us Fields, (Gets Ethel a seat, she sits down in centre). (Burbank sits at his desk and writes.)

*Fields.* (Aside) Confound that engagement. (Starts for door).

*Burbank.* (Looking up). Fields (very slowly) don't forget, what—you—~~are—supposed—to—remember.~~

*Fields.* I won't. (bows to Ethel) Good morning. (Exit).

*Burbank.* (Rises from desk), (seals letter in each hand, calls) Terry.

*Terry.* (Leaving his desk). Yes sir.

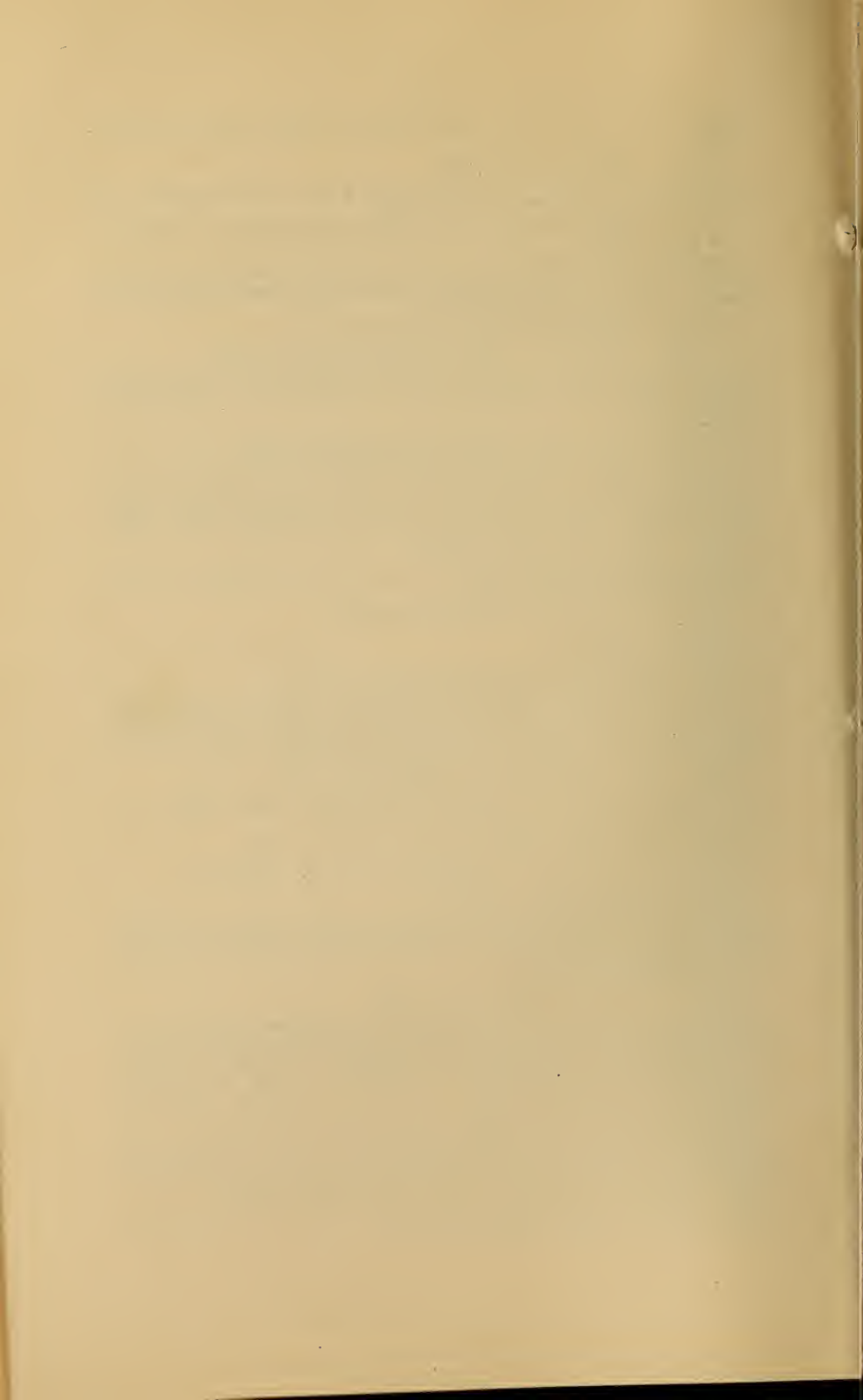
*Burbank.* Take these two letters, deliver them to their respective addresses. Don't lose them, see that each man gets the one addressed to him, and don't let the first man you see, see the address of the second letter.

*Terry.* (Taking letters) Alright sir. (Exit.)

*Burbank.* (Aside) I now have started the machinery to work. I have instructed two of my old brokers to sell Delaware Short Line for my account at the highest price, Tuesday morning we smash the road, Tuesday evening I buy the stock for a song, Wednesday morning I deliver it to Mr. Wilson at 90, and make him feel sorry that he ever went back on me.

Ethel, although I have made two philanthropic donations this morning, I have planned more rascality at the same time than has entered my brain, all combined in the last twenty years, and I am afraid, if you knew it all, you wouldn't kiss me any more.

*Ethel.* (Rising) Yes, I would, you know I would, and besides that, I won't believe it, and I'll kiss you twice.



*Burbank. (Kisses her twice), goes and gets his hat and coat. (Aside) Rascality has paid me a pretty big dividend. I love that girl. I love the very ground she walks on. Oh, if I could only hope she could love me how happy I would be.*

*Enter Terry, goes to his desk, etc.*

*Burbank. (To Ethel). Come my little ray of sunshine. (He holds out his right hand, which she takes, they walk to the door, Burbank turns, and calls back) Terry, we are going to Stewarts for lunch, if there is anything of importance, you know where to find me.*

*Terry. Yes sir. (Exit Burbank and Miss Jordan.)*

He has the happiest smile on his face I have seen in two years. She is enough to turn any man's head, and I would like to shake her hand just once myself.

*Enter Fields and Gordon in haste.*

*Fields. Terry !*

*Terry. Yes sir !*

*Gordon. (Grabbing left arm) Terry !*

*Terry. Yes sir.*

*Fields, Gordon. (Together) Where did Mr. Burbank go ?*

*Terry. One at a time gentleman, one at a time.*

*Fields. Quick.*

*Gordon. Hurry man, can't you speak ?*

*Terry. Down the elevator*

*Fields. But where to ?*

*Terry. Lunch,—Of course,—No Charity Bazaars blooming now.*

*Gordon. Yes, lunch of course, we know that, but where too ?*

*Terry. Why the Restaurant.*

*Fields. Yes, but which one.*

*Terry. Oh ! which one ?*

*Fields and Gordon. (Together) Yes of course, which one ?*

*Terry. Butler's I think he said.*

*Fields Gordon. (Together) Thanks much obliged. (Exit together in haste.)*

*Terry. Gee ! but they are easy ? off on the wrong scent ! They'll break my neck if they ever get back. (Goes to the door culling after them). You'll have to hurry !*

CURTAIN.

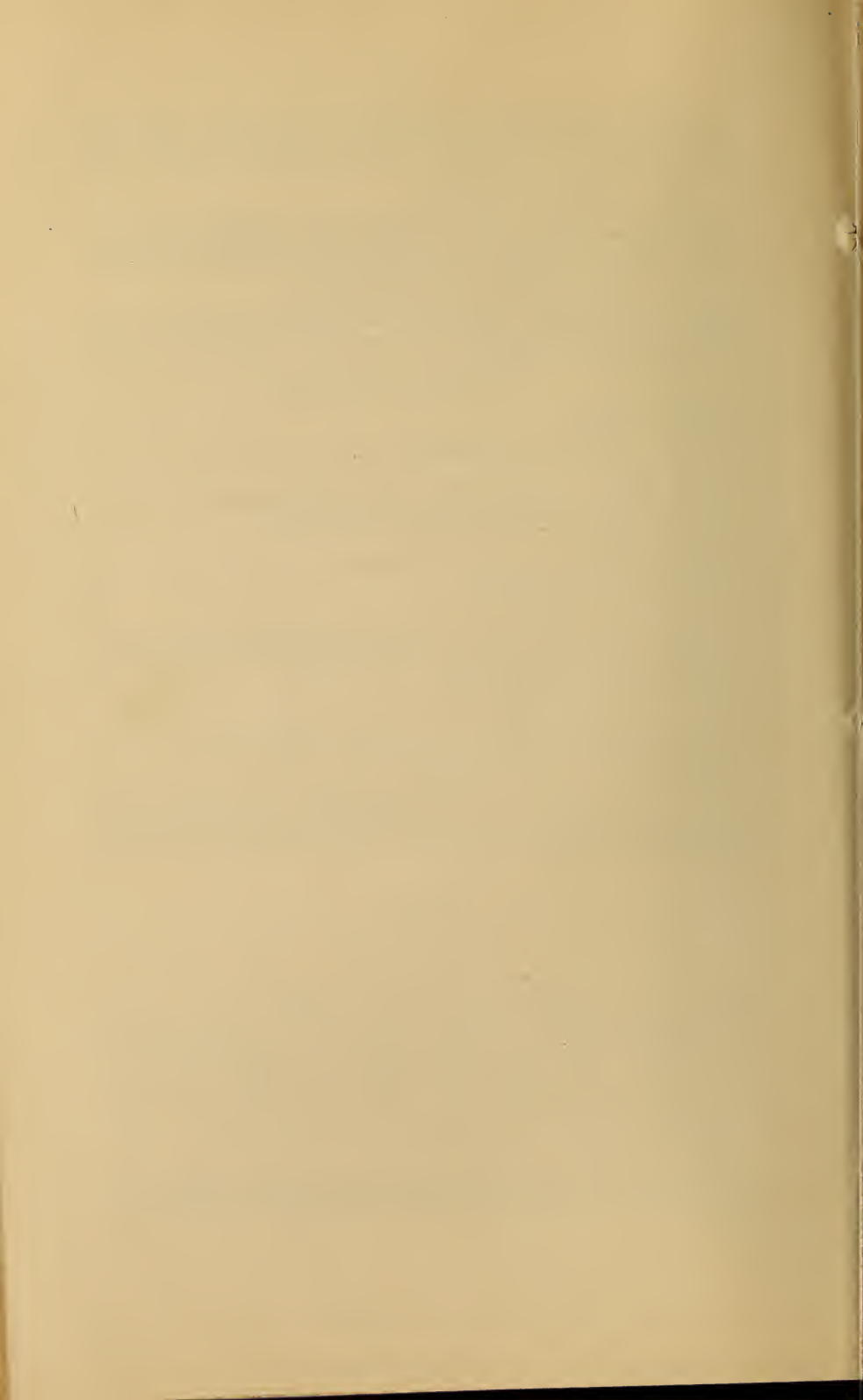
## ACT II.

PLACE. *Residence of Jno. H. Wilson.*

TIME.—*Monday evening.—Reception and Dance in progress. Dance and Music progresses at left arch.—Garden at right arch.—Stage arranged as conservatory.—Place very brilliantly lighted, and displaying elegance and wealth in every respect.—Large plants in tubs to right and left.—Rustic bench to left also circular benches around the tubs of plants.*

*Enter Rev. Holland, and Mrs. Wilson from the garden, right arch. Mrs. W. hand on arm*

*Mrs. W. All my nervousness is over,—everything seems to be going on very well, and unless something unforeseen should happen, my reception will be a success (Takes seat, Rev. Holland stands in front of her.)*



Rev. H. Everything is tastefully arranged, you deserve much credit for your excellent management.

*Enter Sidney Gordon from left arch (Ball Room), glances at bench at left, also looks behind benches, around the plants in tubs, evidently looking for someone.*

Rev. H. (Smiling) Are you lost.

Gordon. (Smiling) No, I am the searching party. (*Looks off towards garden*)

Mrs. W. (Rises) What are you looking for? (*beginning to look on the ground in search of some possible lost article.*)

Gordon. (*Walking toward garden arch*) Oh, don't disturb yourself, I'll go out to the garden (*Exit right.*)

Mrs. W. He seemed very much annoyed. I wonder what could have distressed him?

Rev. H. (Laughing) He is evidently hunting for his partner for the next dance—(*seriously*) your daughter I presume.

Mrs. W. (*Shaking her head negatively*). He couldn't have been so distressed about her, he carries his engagement rather lightly and so does she for that matter.

Rev. H. (*Seriously and hesitatingly*). Do you think they love each other very much?

Mrs. W. (Coldly). Why do you ask?

Rev. H. Because—I love your daughter.

Mrs. H. I am sorry, very sorry—you know she is engaged to Mr. Sidney Gordon.

Rev. H. Yes, I know but—(*Mrs. W. steps away to meet Miss J. as they enter.*)

*Enter Miss Ethel Jordan between Sydney Gordon and Cyrus Burbank, from Right.*

Mrs. W. Did you have to hunt very far?

(*Holland goes over to ball room door—looking in—seems impatient for some one to come out.*)

Gordon. I thought I'd never find her, you know—Showing her the garden way over at the dark corner.

Miss J. And I was so interested I almost forgot I had the next dance engaged. (*This quizzingly at Gordon. Gordon looks hurt.*)

Burb. Well, why don't you two go dance it? I have'nt finished showing the garden.

Gordon. The music is not playing.

Burb. Well, go start the music up.

Gordon. I'm in no hurry.

Mrs. W. Why don't you dance it yourself Mr. Burbank, there are ever so (*crossing over to Burb.*) many pretty girls inside? (*Jord. steps back to Gordons side*)

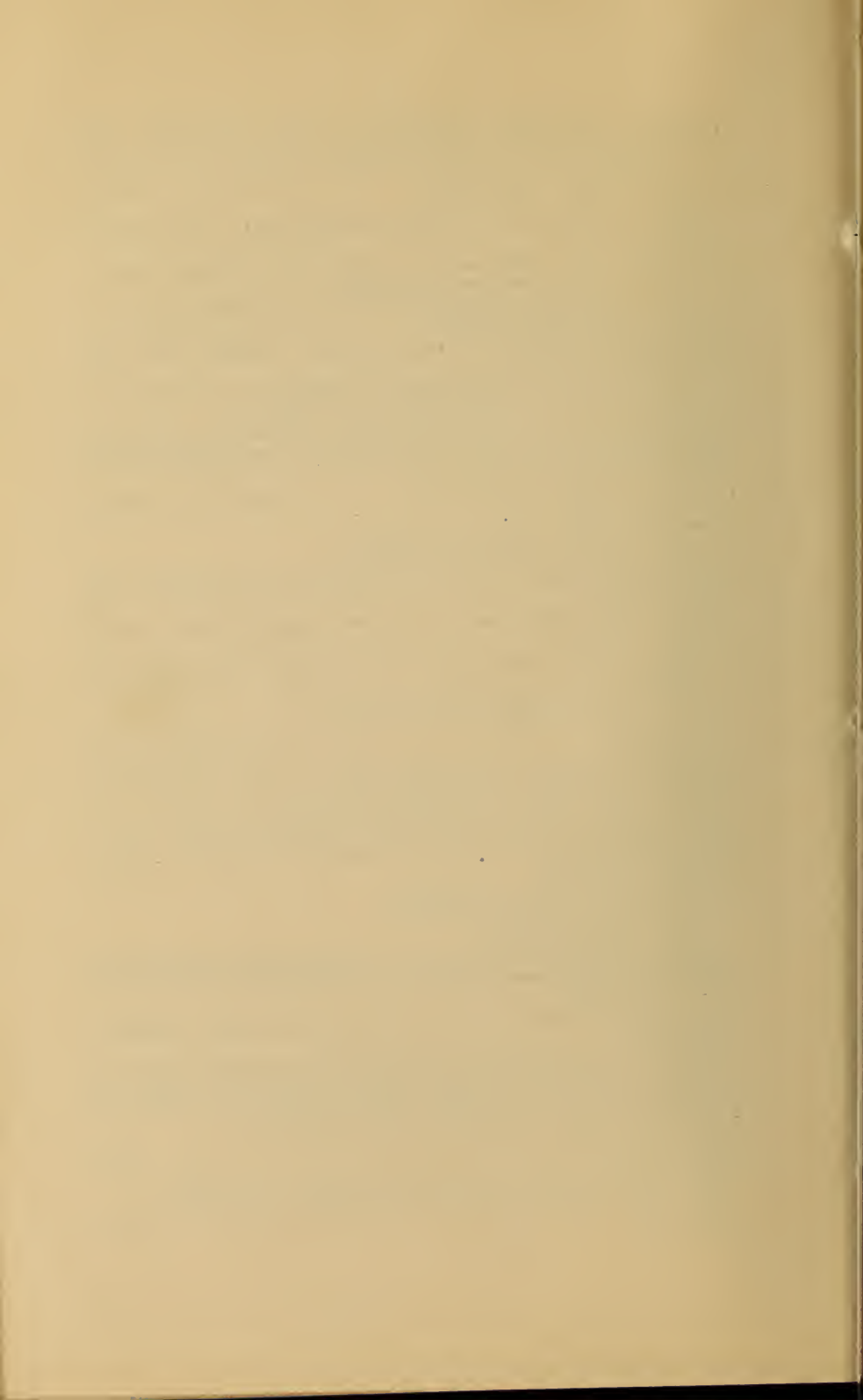
Burb. What, I dance? Why I have'nt been on a floor in twenty-five years.

Miss J. (*Going up to Burbank, and putting hand on his shoulder*). But you know how to dance, you know you do, and I have purposely left the second dance after the next, which is a waltz, open, and I want to dance it with you. (*Holland comes talks to Gordon.*)

Burb. But Ethel, what would people think, if I was to begin dancing now?

Jord. We don't care what people think now, do we, and—

Burb. But, look how many nice young chaps there are who want that dance.





*Jordon.* I think I have something to say, as to who is to get it.

*Burb.* All right its a go ! I will take it ! *Gordon scratches head, Holland pats on back.*

*Jordon.* Now its engaged (*handling her programme*) write your name down (*indicating on card*) there.

*Burb.* (*Taking card*) I can't begin to write my name on that line—(*writing and spelling aloud*) C—y—r—u—s B—u—r—b—a—n—k.

*Gordon.* (*To Ethel*) Let us get a glass of punch before the music starts—that long walk in the garden must have made you thirsty.

*Ethel.* (*Nodding her head affectionately to Burbank*) No it didn't ! (*Takes Gordon's proffered arm walks him into ball room.*) *Exit Gordon and Jordon.*

*Miss Edith Wilson appears at the ball room arch-way on the arm of Harland Fields. Rev. Holland walks up to meet them. Fields appears to bow, and excuse himself, and returns to ball room. Miss Wilson walks in on Holland's arm. Miss Wilson takes seat left, Holland appears to ask her to go to the garden.*

*Burb.* Now, Mrs. Wilson you got me into this, and I think I shall ask you to serve half of the penalty.

*Mrs. W.* In what manner pray !

*Burb.* Why, that dance—don't you think you could just waltz with me a few steps out here to see whether I have forgotten every step I knew ?

*Mrs. W.* Why certainly I will, but what will we do for music ?

*Burb.* (*Annoyed*) Is it necessary ?

*Mrs. W.* Not absolutely, but—(*Miss Wilson rises*).

*Burb.* I'll remedy that just wait a moment (*Turns to Holland and Miss Wilson who are arm in arm approaching the right arch.*) —er—a Mr. Holland, can you whistle ?

(*Holland and Miss Wilson stop abruptly, look at one another somewhat confused and do not appear to understand what is meant by the inquiry.*)

*Holl.* (*Smiling.*) What do you mean ?

*Burb.* What do I mean ? Why didn't you understand my question, I asked whether you could whistle ?

*Holl.* (*Half amused, half angry*) That's a funny question—I could as a boy.

*Burb.* (*Sarcastically*) 'That wouldn't do us any good if you "could as a boy"', we want you to whistle now.

*Holl.* (*Turning his back and endeavoring to walk to the arch*) My whistling days are past.

*Burb.* (*Running up to him, and taking hold of his cuff*). Here, that won't to, trying to run off were'nt you. (*seriously and argumentally*) Now Doctor you wouldn't go back on me like that, I'm in trouble. and I want you to help me out, here is Mrs. Wilson more than willing to help, and you trying to run away, that's a nice way to go back on an old friend, why I thought better of you !

*Holl.* I don't understand ! Just thought you were joking, what do want ? (*all three come forward*)

*Mrs. W.* You see Mr. Burbank has not danced in a long while.

*Burb.* Twenty-five years !

*Mrs. W.* We are going to have a little rehearsal out here.

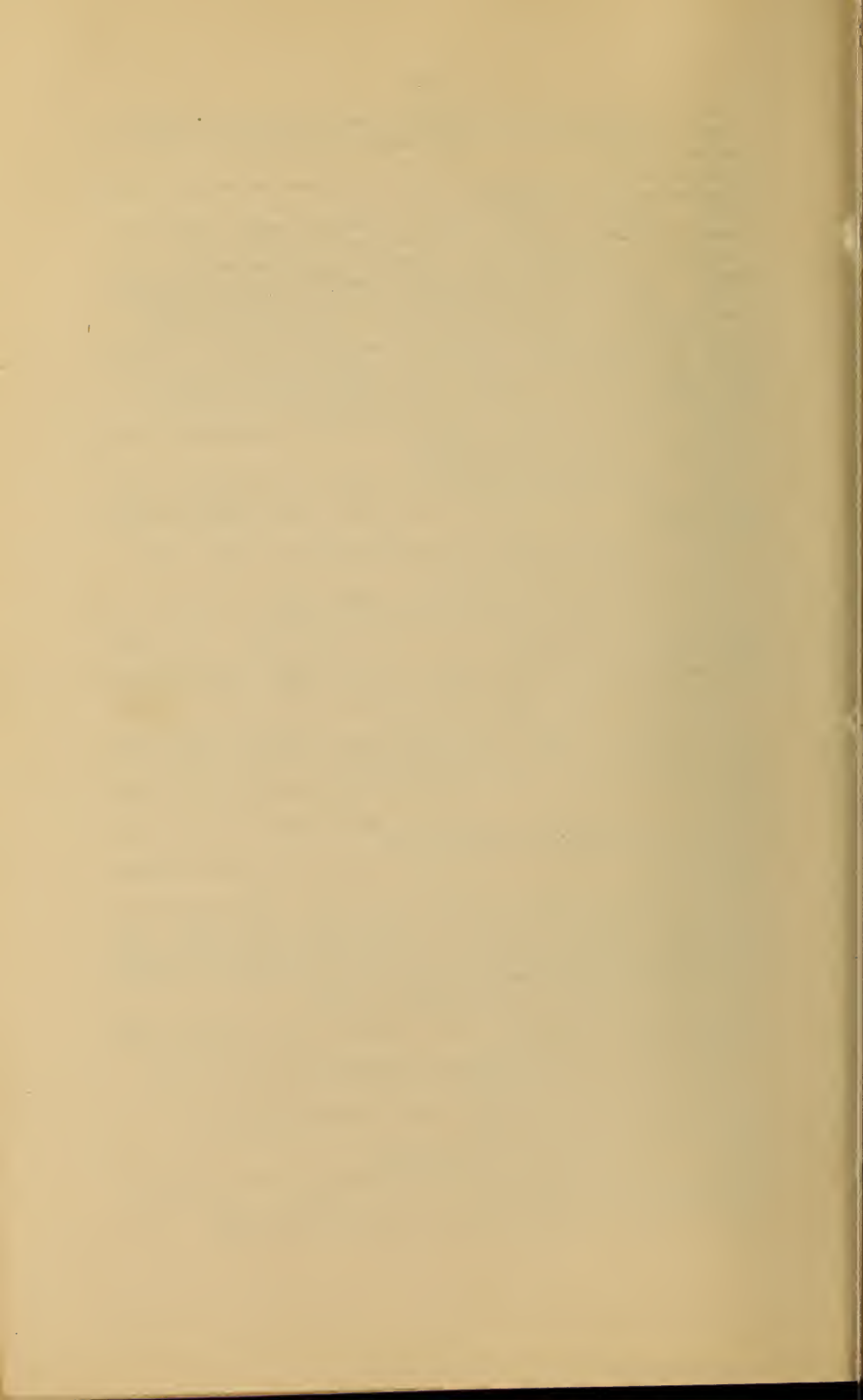
*Burb.* And we have no music.

*Mrs. W.* I am going to dance with him.

*Burb.* And we want you to whistle, start her up. (*Goes up to Mrs. W. puts right arm around her waist.*)

*Miss W.* That's a capital idea (*To Holland*) I'll help you !





Holl. (*Aside*) I'll make a pretty spectacle standing here whistling a horn pipe.

Buab. (*Still holding Mrs. Wilson*) Start her up Doctor !

Holl. What shall it be ?

Mrs. W. (A nice waltz.

Burb. Yes, a nice one.

Miss W. (*Encouragingly*) Try "Just one Girl". (*Holland begins to whistle "just one girl"*). Miss Wilson whistles along. Burbank and Mrs. W. begin to waltz roughly at first, after a few steps smoothly. Holland takes Miss Wilson's right hand (*his left*) they swing hands and look at one another affectionately. They stop abruptly, jerk back hands, both look in back of them, as if they heard someone approaching, waltzing ceases.

Burb. (*Crossly*) Why did you stop ?

Miss W. Thought we heard someone coming.

Burb. Is that all (*again placing his arm around Mss. W.*) I just had a good start,—try it again !

(*They begin whistling, and swing hands, again waltzing continues.*)

(*Enter Sidney Gordon, from left, gives a long whistle waltzing and whistling stops,—hands part.*)

Burb. Now what do you want ?

Gordon. (*Appearing greatly amazed stands with his hands in his pockets*) What's all this ? (*All look a little confused except Burbank, who appears indignant*)

Burb. What does it look like.

Gordon, (*Disregarding Burbank's inquiry and appearing to be talking to himself*. Burbank and Wilson Side Show—greatest show on earth—(counting the attractions on his fingers, looking at Mrs. Wilson—a dancing hostess (looking at Holland) a whistling parson—looking at Miss Wilson—a real embarrassed girl, (looking and pointing at Burbank) and a real (hesitates repeats), and a real (hesitates again in apparent terror, or overwhelmed astonishment and backs toward the ball room door) (imitating showman) Come everybody,—the greatest show on earth—general admission 10c., children half price—the largest and best list of wonderful attractions ever exhibited in this country.

(*The crowd appear to gather at the Ball Room arch, at which Gordon appears to explain something amidst much laughing.*)

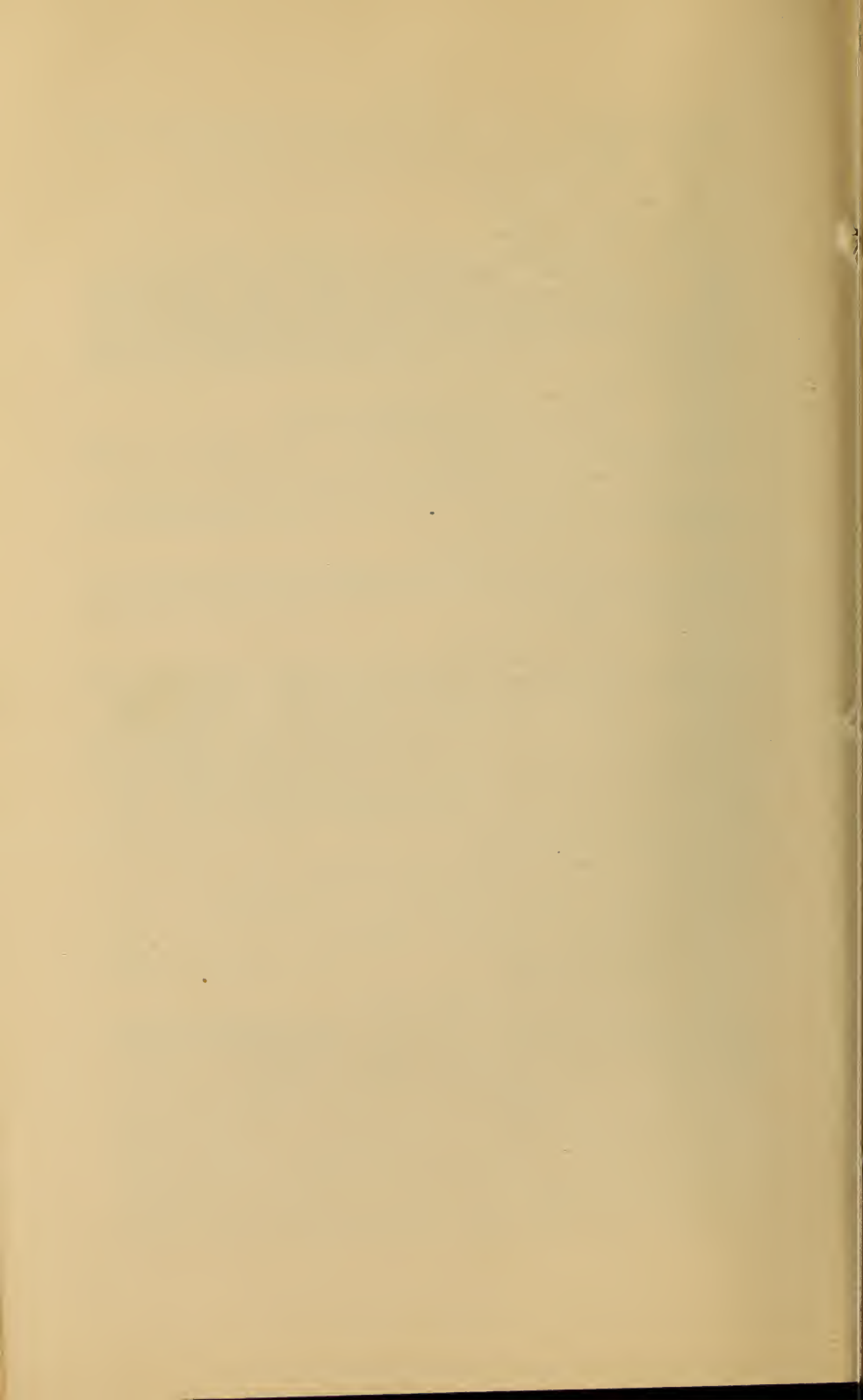
Burb. (*in rage*) If that boy brings that crowd out here, I'll roast him on a slow fire. (*They gather at right*).

Mrs. W. I think I shall have to look to the comfort of my other guests. (*Exits garden arch*)

Holl. Shall we go into the garden also ?

Miss W. No sir, we will all just sit here, and converse, and not take any notice of anything, or anyone. (*They take seats at right circular bench, Miss Wilson in the middle, Burbank on her right,—Holland left, and begin an animated sham conversation.*)

Enter Gordon, followed by Harland Fields, Mr. Wilson, Miss Ethel Jordan, and other ladies and gentlemen, etc. Come forward on tip toe—Gordon appearing to caution them to be quiet, and not go too close, etc. Gordon draws crowd up before Holland, and points to him, and the crowd gaze at him with apparent wonderment. Gordon turns his back on Holland, and gives a mimic lecture to the crowd. Holland appears indifferent. Gordon mimics Holland's whistling "Just one Girl", sways his body slightly, and begins to swing his



left arm, Holland shows confusion as left arm swings. (Crowd laugh) Gordon takes crowd before Miss Wilson, imitates her whistling, slightly false and in snatches. She smiles sweetly and with apparent indifference, Gordon swings his right hand. Miss Wilson appears confused. Gordon takes crowd before Burbank appears indifferent. Gordon repeats his mimic lecture. Burbank hunts for cigar, lights and smokes it, gazes fiercely at Gordon turns his back on Burbank, and begins to prance up, and down, (crowd laugh) Burbank stands up, turns around, and sits down again, trying to hide his confusion, but fails. As Burbank resumes his seat, Holland and Miss Wilson laugh also, music begins to play in the Ball Room—Gordon discontinues his prancing, and he and Miss Jordan run to the Ball Room followed by Fields, Wilson and others.

Gordon. (Discontinuing prancing) This is my dance.

Jordan. Yes—(puts out her hand, Gordon takes hand as they run)

Burb. (Rising) He is the biggest scamp that ever drew breath.

Miss W. What shall we do to get even?

Burb. Hanging is too good for him.

Miss W. You know I am engaged to him, don't you.

Burb. You are engaged to him?

Miss W. Yes.

Burb. You are engaged to marry him?

Miss W. Yes Sir.

Burb. You don't say so (laughing). Why that's news to me. (aside) good news. I am glad to hear it (aside) I should say I am, let me congratulate you (aside) Shake hands with yourself old boy.

Miss W. Your congratulations come, I fear, too late.

Burb. (Very cheerful) Oh, not too late, let me hope. If they are somewhat tardy, you should understand that a man like I, who never hears any society chat, or gossip might live a life time without ever hearing of your, or anyone else's engagement.

Miss W. You do not understand me—I mean, that from henceforth everything is off.

Burb. (Surprised). You don't mean to say that you are going to break the engagement?

Miss W. That is exactly what I mean. (Holland rises abruptly, walks to right arch, stands facing garden.)

Burb. But that would be awful-unheard of. Why you wouldn't think of doing anything like that—that was only a little practical joke—I was only joking myself, when I said 'hanging was too good for him', why that should be all laughed off, and forgotten. (Holland walks back).

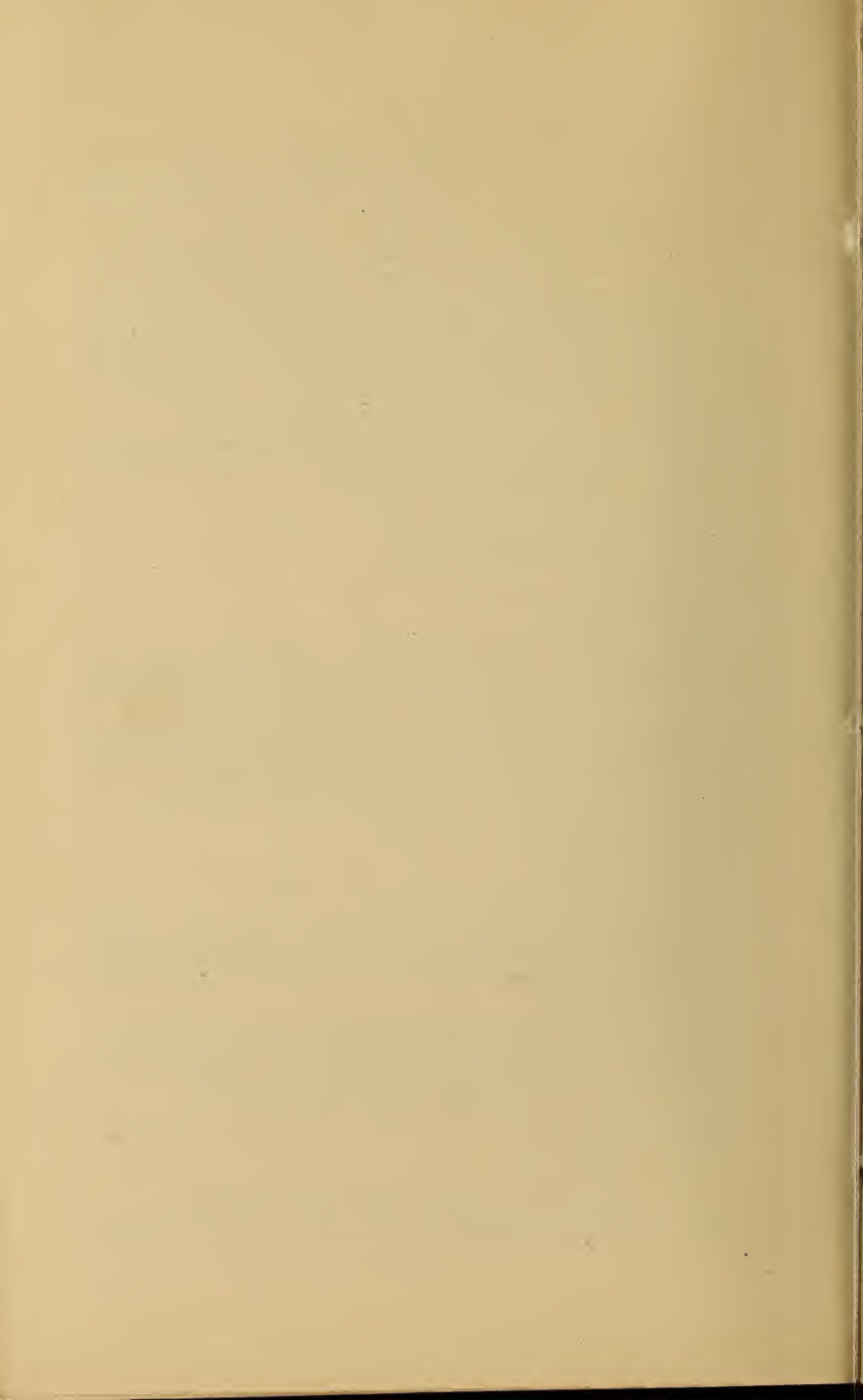
Rev. H. Perhaps Miss Wilson has other reasons of a more serious and deeper nature than that practical joke. Mr. Gordon has position and riches it is true, and socially theirs would be a brilliant match, still that unalterable devotion, and fervid love requisite to make a perfectly happy home may be missing.

Burb. (Some heat) Where did you get that cracked brained idea a fine preacher you are.

Holl. (some heat) Sir.

(Miss Wilson puts her handkerchief to eyes softly crying)

Burb. (with heat) Don't sir me! go out there in the garden and watch the little birdies skip along the fence,—you sir,—almost persuading this young lady to take a step that I firmly believe to



be wrong. Now Miss Wilson, although our friendship is not very old, I am going to presume upon it far enough to say—whatever you do' think well before doing it.

Miss W. I have thought.

Burb. (*Soft and pleading*) Well, that don't hurt, think some more, there is a young man wealthy, healthy, and handsome, honorable and true. He has asked you with a pure and noble heart to be his wife, he has asked one whom he cannot help but love and admire—you are upon the point of breaking that promise, and with it, his future happiness, his heart and your own.

Rev. H. Mr. Burbank seems greatly interested in the matter.

Burb. (*Smilingly*) Your Reverence seems likewise greatly interested.

Holl. I do not deny it, I am. (*Enter Miss Jordan*) (*Conversation ceases—pause*)

Miss J. Uncle can you show me the rest of the garden now?

Burb. (*Softly*) I have been waiting for that pleasure for the last half hour. (*He offer his arm, they start for garden*), to Miss Wilson) I leave you to his tender mercy, but Doctor I warn you, beware. (*They all laugh except Jordan*). *Exit Burb. and Jordan R.*

Holl. (*Short wait*) Miss Wilson there is something that I have been wanting to tell you a long—long while—something that concerns me—very much—something—perhaps—that—does not concern you at all,—I have refrained—from expressing myself for many, sad and bitter—months on account—of your engagement—to Mr. Gordon—I thought you loved him—I thought he loved you, and I intended to keep my lips sealed about my *own love for you forever*,—but—lately I have begun to think that your engagement to Mr. Gordon was not entirely a love affair, I know I am going into the matter much farther than I should, considering that you are still engaged to him, but after your statement this evening, I felt it would be a still greater wrong if I kept silent longer, Edith—I love you—(*takes seat*) But I know neither your father nor mother would favor my suit. You told Mr. Burbank you had thought of the matter.

Miss W. I had long ago made up my mind.

Holl. And you—

Miss W. Will ask Mr. Gordon to release me.

Holl. May I hope?

Miss W. You love me?

Holl. More than my life

Miss W. (*Tearfully*) Neither papa nor mama will ever consent.

Holl. I cannot give you as grand a home as the one you live in. If ever you consent to share mine.

Miss W. A cottage will be good enough for me.

Holl. Then your father and mother will never be asked. When will you see Mr. Gordon?

Miss W. I will speak to him to-night.

Holl. To-morrow then you will be free—but only for a short time.

Miss W. Will it seem so short?

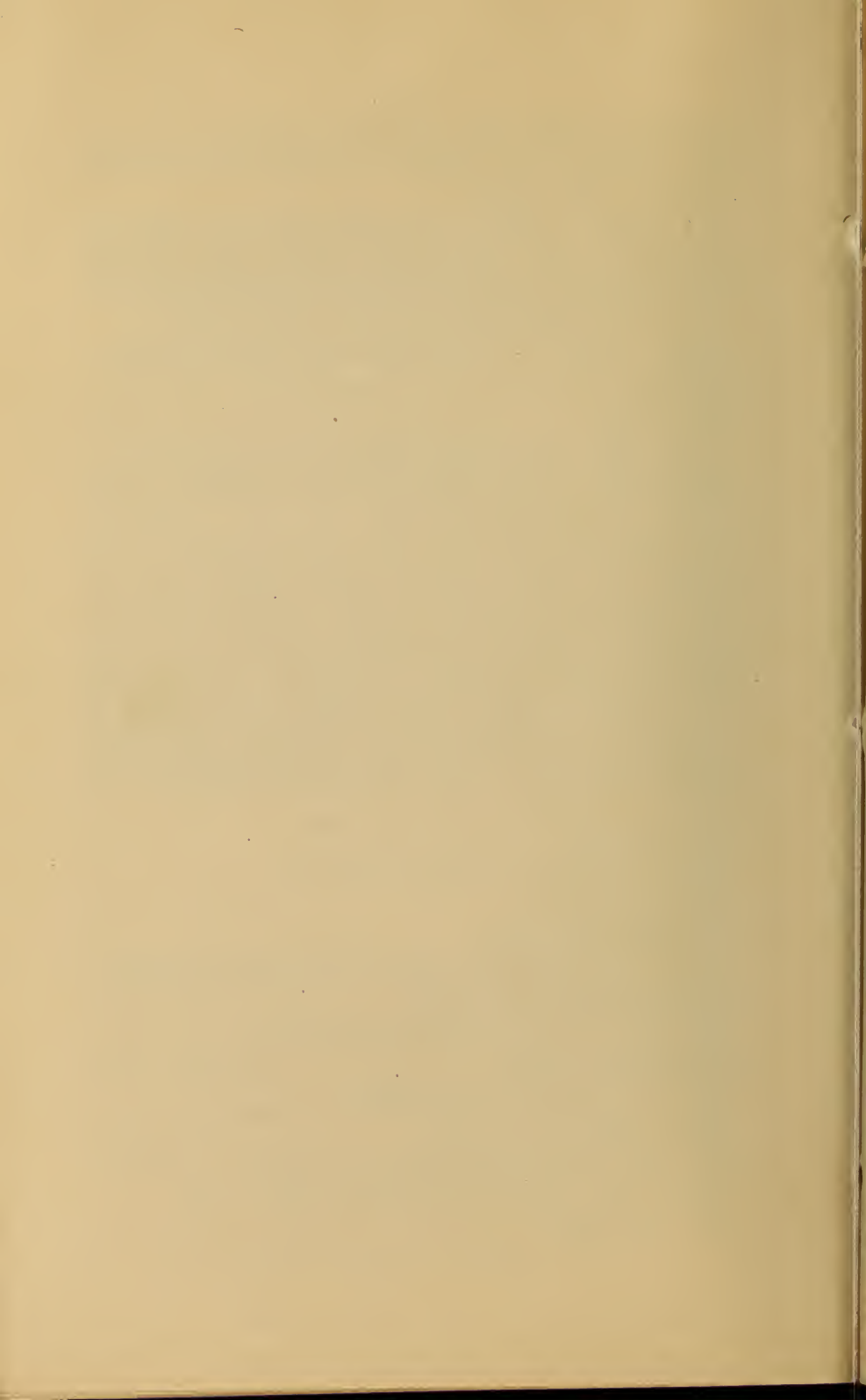
Holl. One single day would seem very long to me, I have been in love with you so long, and never able to speak.

Miss W. Now, neither of us must say a word to anyone.

Holl. Not a word.

(*Enter Burbank and Jordan R. Garden.*)





Miss W. (*Going up to Ethel.*) Are you enjoying yourself, Ethel?

Jordan. Ever so much. I haven't missed a dance, and Mr. Burbank has so entertained me, told me such amusing anecdotes, showed me the beautiful garden and flowers, and I have his name down for the dance after the next, a waltz.

Miss W. I am so glad; he can be an angel when he wants to be (*taking Burbank's hands*); come, let us all go in and get some champagne punch to celebrate.

Burb. Celebrate what?

Miss W. (*Embarrassed.*) Oh, anything.

Burb. All the tears seem to have flown away.

Wilson. I'll get real angry at you.

Burb. Well, I just have to stay out here and smoke another cigar to quiet my nerves for that dance. If I should be awkward, the doctor would say I've been drinking;—you see them in doctors!

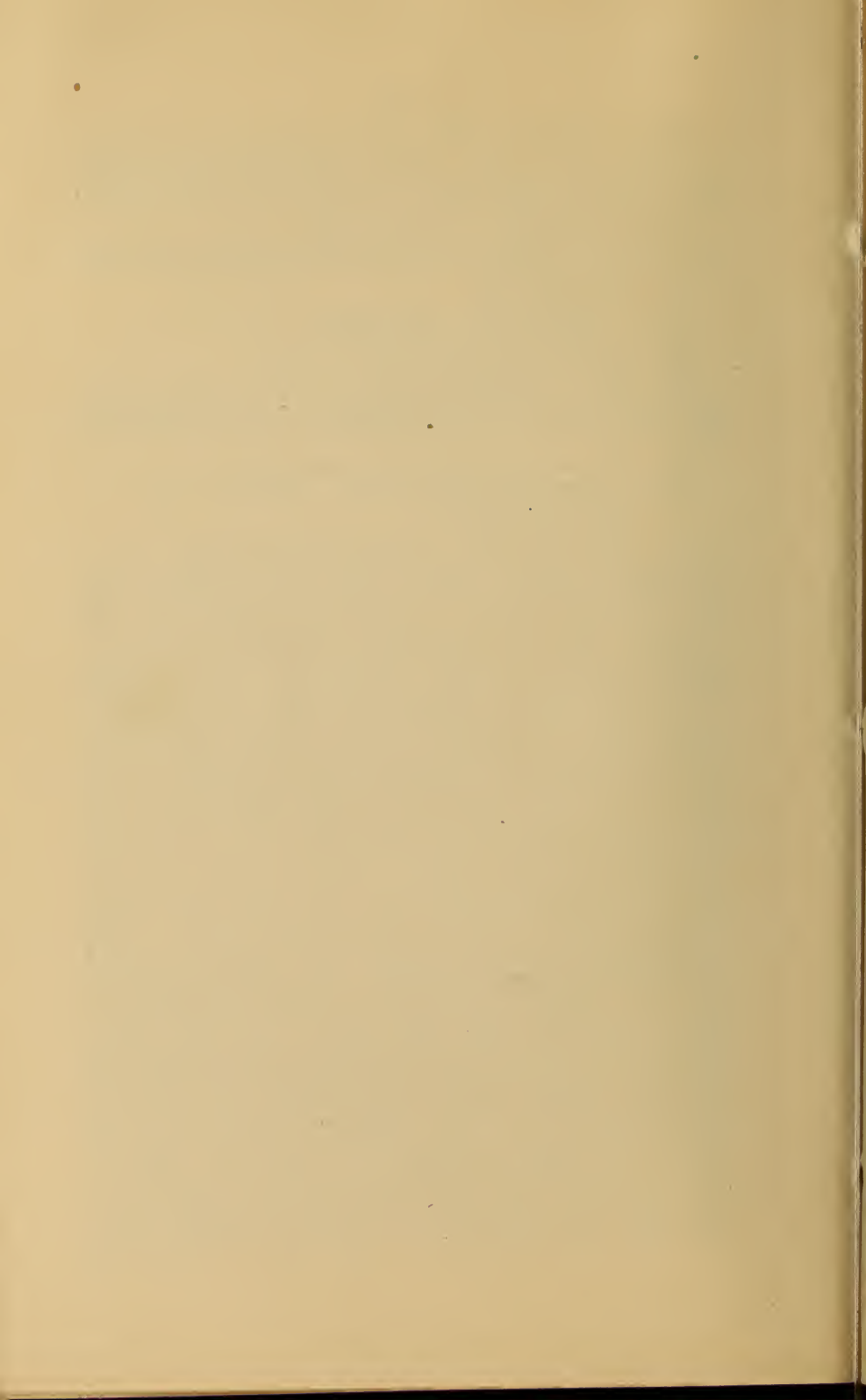
Holl. Come along; I'll try and take care of you.

Jordan. (*Approaching left to Burbank*) Won't you come?

Burb. (*Shakes his head no*)

(*Miss Wilson, Jordan and Holland enter ball room.*)

Burb. I can't go in there. I don't want to meet John Wilson. He played me a mean, despicable trick, and I am going to have my revenge to-morrow. He has lost a friend (*smokes and meditates*)—an old, old friend. To think that he should have gone behind my back! I can't and never will get this bitterness out of my heart,—it rankles here and makes me miserable, but let us forget all that—to-morrow at the meeting all that will be settled, think of that dance—a waltz—, a glorious waltz with her—I didn't even have the courage to ask for it.—I thought she would enjoy it so much more with some of those pretty-faced beaux,—but, no sir, she just insisted on having it,—one long, dreamy waltz (*puts his arms around an imaginary partner and waltzes around a few steps*); oh, her eyes, what soft gentleness and love in every glance! I took her out to the garden, and her little head rested so daintily right here on my arm, and her arm came through right here, and I felt it at my side, and I squeezed it just a little bit—yes, just a little bit,—I wonder if she can ever, and will ever love me,—that is, love me enough to be my wife—can such happiness ever be in store for me?—I know now that never at any time of my life have I ever known what real happiness was—now I but realize what supreme happiness could be. I told her how I came to promise I'd eat Christmas dinner at Connors Flats with Farmer Jones. I asked her would she go along, and she will. I told her about the visit of the delegation and mimicked Brother Simon, and Brother Jones, and the poor old Methodist preacher, and then I repeated the invitation, and told her I would rather eat my Christmas dinner in a little log cabin farm house surrounded by clover fields, and the chickens, and the bees with a little mountain stream running down there at the foot of the hill, and Brother Jones's wife blushing with smiles and apologies for the finest butter and whitest biscuits, and the fattest old turkey—and lots of plum pudding—why, I'd rather eat my dinner with those plain people than sit down to the finest banquet surrounded by all the wealth and blood the East can boast, with champagne flowing like the evening tide. Then I recalled my last Christmas at home; oh, will I ever forget it?—there in that little, old, smoky kitchen,—there was father's chair, but it was empty; he got drowned trying to save the stubborn old mule Betsy—how she used to kick!—There was Willie's chair—poor little brother dead not a year, how I did beat that



poor little fellow for telling where I got those apples! No turkey that Christmas, no; no turkey. I can't remember what all we did have. And there sat mother, her white hair parted in the middle and combed down on the side, and her eyes so tearful, yet brave and sad,—what a brute I must have been! I complained “beans for Christmas?” and mother answered slowly, “The Lord has left me one son, and I thank Him, my boy. Perhaps next Christmas will shine on a brighter day for you.” Ah, the next Christmas shone on a brighter day for her. Dear mother, how dearly I loved thee! The next Christmas I was alone. (*Takes seat right behind (palms. John Wilson and Harland Fields appear on the door step of the ball room entrance; they light and smoke cigars.*) Here comes Wilson; perhaps they will pass into the garden.

(*Enter Wilson and Fields. Burbank displays his different emotions throughout the following.*)

Wilson. Have you seen the improvements in the garden?

(*Gordan and Elith Wilson cross from ball room to garden. Gordan looks bewildered. Miss W. cast down sadly.*)

Fields. Yes, I was out there a half hour ago. I think they are very fine. (*A short pause; both smoke.*)

Wilson. I suppose you know the Delaware Short Line hold their meeting to-morrow?

Fields. (*Puffs smoke before answering.*) Yes; I received the formal notice.

Wilson. You will be there? (*Fields same business.*)

Fields. Yes. (*Burbank shows his pleasure.*)

Wilson. Did you know that I have been up to your office to see you about it? (*Burb. shows surprise.*)

Fields. No.

Wilson. I have. (*Burb. annoyed*)

Fields. Yes?

Wilson. Decided how you will vote for President? (*Burb. eager.*)

Fields. Haven't thought of the matter. (*Burb. relieved.*)

Wilson. Have you heard the two roads are to combine?

Fields. I read it in the paper, although I know, of course, that the directors have never acted on the matter.

Wilson. You know Burbank has sold out his entire interest. (*Burb., worried, rises*)

Fields. That was also reported in the papers, but I do not believe it. (*Burb. pleased.*)

Wilson. You can believe it; it is true! (*Burb. rises.*)

Fields. You don't tell me.

Wilson. An absolute fact

Fields. He will not be at the meeting then?

Wilson. Yes. (*Burb. takes seat.*)

Fields. How is that?

Wilson. Although he has sold the stock, he is not to deliver it until the day after the meeting.

Fields. Oh, I see (*Burb. pleased.*)

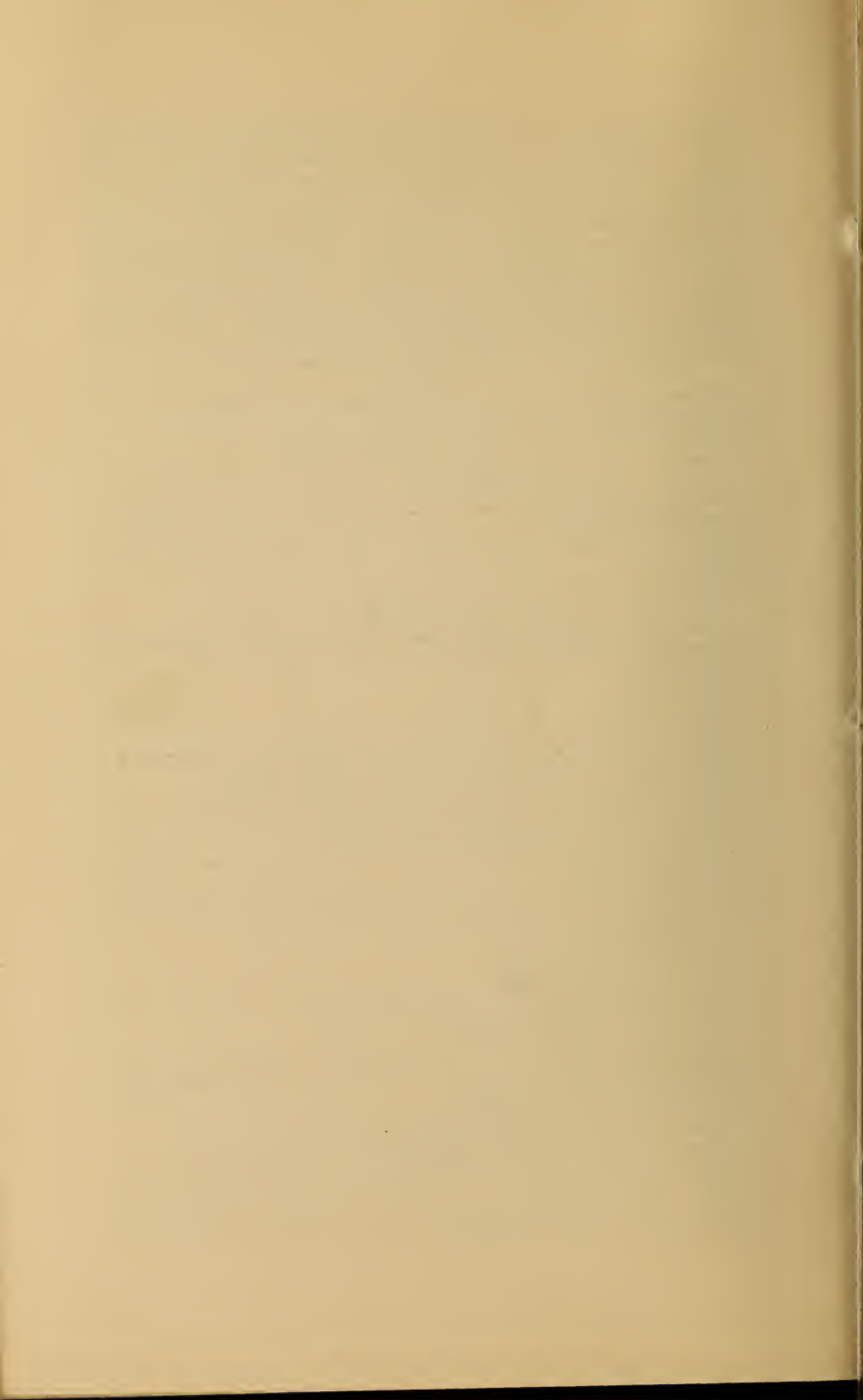
Wilson. Of course, he has no further interest in the road?

Fields. I—suppose—not. (*Burb. smiles.*)

Wilson. But we can not prevent him from still voting his stock.

Fields. I—suppose—not.

Wilson. Of course you will vote with me should he attempt anything “ugly”. (*Burb. very uneasy.*)



*Fields* (annoyed). I will be at the meeting to vote that stock and shall use my judgment, (*Burb. very happy.*)

*Wilson.* No; the matter must be arranged before the meeting.

*Fields.* Did you say it "must be"?

*Wilson.* I repeat it, "must be!" (*Burb. uneasy.*)

*Fields.* Is—that—so? "It must be,"—perhaps I haven't anything at all to say in the matter? (*Burb. delighted.*)

*Wilson* (coldly). Very little,—so little that it is hardly worth my while to talk to you about it. I thought, though, it was much better to go about the matter in a pleasant and gentlemanly way, than to proceed in a manner that might hurt and injure you. Before you leave this house to night I want your pledge and promise upon your word of honor to vote with me on every proposition that may come up, which Burbank may oppose. (*Burb. eager*)

*Fields.* And if I refuse?

*Wilson.* What earthly reason can you have to refuse?

*Fields.* I repeat, if I positively refuse to go pledged to vote with you, or anyone else for that matter,—(*Burb. pleased, but very uneasy.*)

*Wilson* (angrily and threateningly). If you refuse I will do one of two things—or both:—I shall go inside, call out my future son-in-law, Mr. Sidney Gordan, who owns the stock (*Burb. rises*) and whose proxy to vote you hold, I will tell him that by the merest accident I have discovered, or have reason to suppose that his attorney and broker, Mr. Harland Fields contemplates, for some reason or other best known to himself, to oppose together with Mr. Cyrus Burbank a certain proposition to subsidize the Delaware Short Line with the Grand Trunk,—that Mr. Fields is probably prompted by some interest very valuable to himself, but not of much benefit to Mr. Gordan's fortune. If he has any doubt in his mind, why, he can just attend the meeting himself, to see that his interests are best served. (*Burb. sits head bent*)

*Fields.* Your insinuations as to my interests and my care of Mr. Sidney Gordan's fortune are very unfair and unjust to me, and I shall not rest until you apologize to me for them, or rue the day you ever uttered them. Mr. Burbank told me he intended to retire from Wall Street, that he no longer desired the Presidency,—he volunteered to elect me President, and, of course, I accepted the offer, and would have voted Gordan's shares for my own election. I did not pledge myself to vote against any proposition whatsoever, and you might have had sense enough to know that I would not have voted against any proposition, no matter what it might be, if I thought Mr. Gordan's interests best served to accept it. (*Burb., head lower.*)

*Wilson* (smiling). It won't be necessary for me to have Mr. Gordan revoke your power of attorney; to be candid with you, that is what I intended doing

*Fields* (Hastily). Most certainly not!

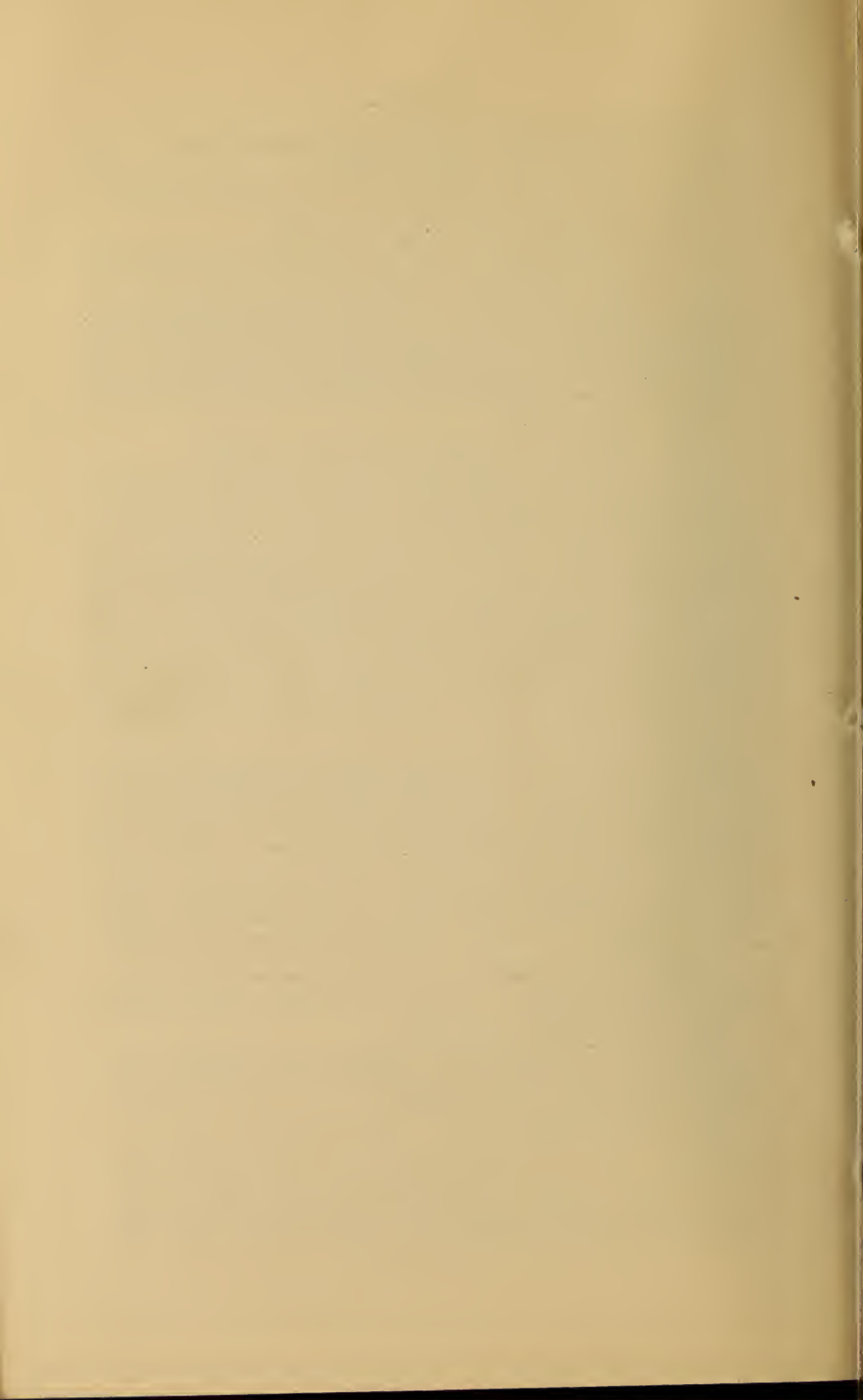
*Wilson.* It is evident I spoke severely and too hastily. I will apologize now if you will let me. I will do more; if you will call it square and a thing of the past, I will vote for you for President also, and so reassure you of the office.

*Fields.* You'll do that?

*Wilson.* Here is my hand on it. (*They shake hands. Burbank falls back on seat. Mrs. Wilson appears at left ball room entrance. Wilson goes up to meet her.*)

*Fields* (aside). Ah, what a trap old Burbank tried to lead me into! He would have made me President, but it was my votes on the coming proposition he wanted. Well, thank goodness, I am safe; either way the cat falls, I shall be elected.





*Mrs. Wilson (calling).* Are you coming? (*Fields enters left arch. Exit Wilson and Fields.*)

*Burb. (slowly and with great effort rises from the reclining position, tries to stand, totters, sits down, tries again, succeeds.)* Ruined, ruined—my entire fortune gone in one, a great gulf. Fields has gone to the other side. Oh, my! how high that stock will go! How can I ever deliver all I have sold? I won't have a dollar, not a dollar in the world. What will poor Ethel do? We'll have to leave that lovely home. Oh, what a pity! all these doors will be closed to her then; to-day I am a millionaire, she an heiress;—to-morrow I a pauper, she dependent upon me; and there are those ladies, the ones who are starting that orphan's home. I promised them five thousand dollars. What will I tell them? what can I say? Ladies, ladies, I—I (*falls, or sits on bench sobbing in his hands; rises*). I must compose myself; why should Ethel's pleasure be marred? Poor girl, she will hear it too soon. Oh, how can I hold myself up under the calamity! (*Music in ball room begins to play sweet, clear waltz.*) Listen, a waltz; it is ours. Oh! this joy! this happiness! I will dance it, were it my last act; no, no, she shall not know. She shall not know.

(*Ethel, Jordan and Sidney Gordon appear at arch. Gordon hesitates and stands at arch. Ethel rushes forward; he takes both her hands.*)

*Ethel J.* Uncle, this is ours!

*Burb. (offering his arm).* Come, then, my darling. I hear the music playing, and we will dance it. (*They skip into the ball room very swiftly—like two children*.)

(CURTAIN.)

## ACT III.

SCENE: Parlor; Burbank's Residence.

TIME: Tuesday Morning.

*Arch with draped portiers at back centre; door on right; door on left; window between arch and right door; upholstered furniture parlor; sofa to left; table to right; several chairs, etc; books on table; window draped with curtains. (Enter Ethel Jordan in arch; arranges portiers, curtains, books on table, chairs, etc.; stands and listens, looks toward right.)*

*Jordan.* I wonder what can be the matter with Uncle Cy—there must be something dreadfully wrong—why did he want to go home and appear so ill and then positively refuse to let anyone send for a doctor; he has walked the floor all night; has not slept a wink.

(*Enter at arch butler with large bouquet of Carnations and note.*)

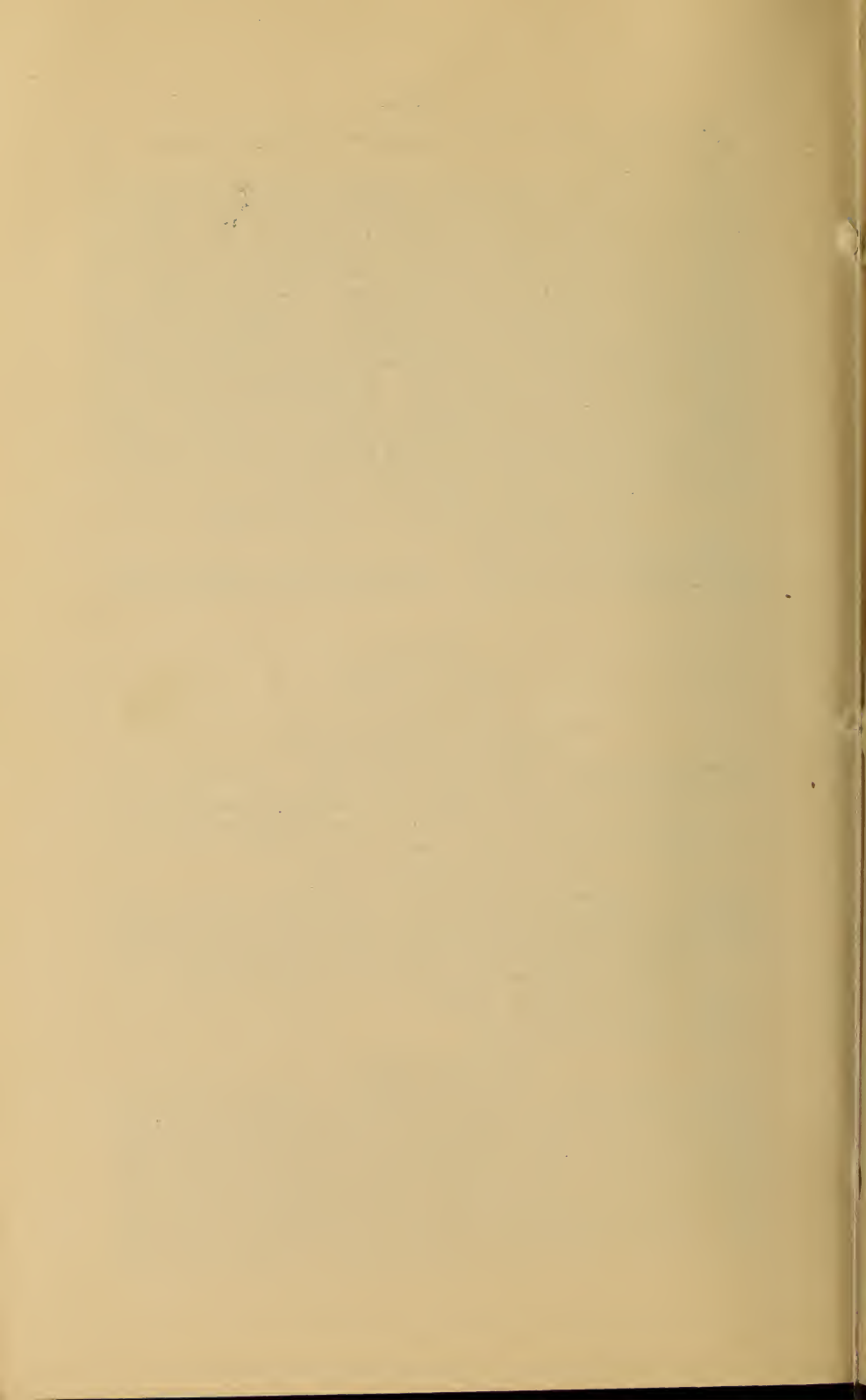
*Butler.* For Miss Jordan, Ma'am.

*Jordan.* How did they come?

*Butler.* Messenger, Ma'am.

(*Exit Butler, bowing*)

*Jordan.* Thank you. (*Takes note and flowers*) You may go! (*Turns over note, looks at flowers.*) It's from Sidney, I know it. (*Kisses note, kisses flowers.*) How tender he has been! how delightfully he dances! And his voice, how soft, yet clear! and his smiles, so devoted; and his eyes—Oh, those eyes, always trying to speak, it seemed to me, but afraid to do so. I wonder what he can have to say. (*Opens note, takes seat front centre facing left, reading*): "My dear Miss Jordan:—I was very sorry Mr. Burbank's illness last night obliged you to leave so soon. It pained me much more than you can imagine. Miss Wilson and I had quite a chat out in the garden—I released her from



our engagement—Did you know that we were engaged?—yes, really! I always saw that you were kept ignorant of it. There never was much love lost on either side; money on both. You know how those things are sometimes; she is in love with a real nice chap—much better husband than I'll ever make, you know. I'm not worth a pinch of salt, I fear. I am coming up to see you this morning to ask after Mr. Burbank's health. I hope to find him well—and yourself—at home, happy and well and sweeter by far, ay! ten thousand times, than these humble flowers I send. Yours very devotedly, Sidney Gordon.”—So; he was engaged to Miss Wilson; the scamp, he always saw that I was kept ignorant of it—why does he now mention it himself? He was afraid, perhaps, that I had heard of it and he wanted me to know it was off—well, what did it matter to me? (*Rises.*) Anyway, we are nothing to each other. I wonder why he is coming up this morning; (*takes carnation out of bouquet and pins it on bosom;*) and why did he write a note first? He wanted to be sure to find me—how does he express it? (*refers to note, reading*): and find you at home, well and happy and sweeter by far, ay! ten thousand times than these humble flowers (*kisses flowers*) I send. Oh, I'm so glad he is coming; I'm just crazy to see him; when does he say he is coming? (*refers to note*); ( *ruefully*) he doesn't mention the hour; perhaps not before noon (*sits down*; *faces left, flowers in lap, note in right hand, hanging down.*)

(*Enter Burbank; looks weak, pale, but sad and calm.*)

Burb. (*softly*). Ethel!

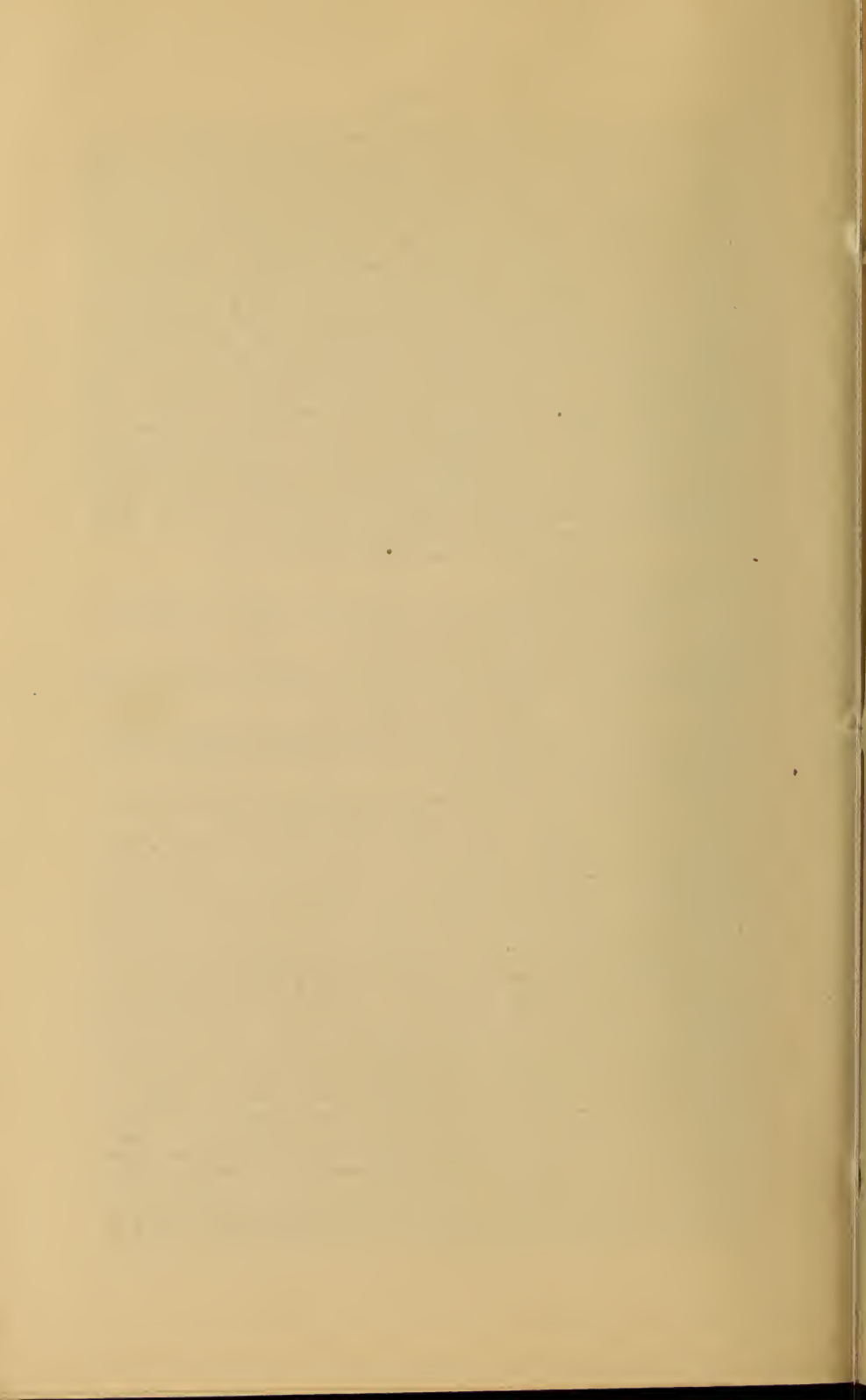
(*Jordan, slightly startled, lets flowers and note fall on floor, rises slightly bashful, goes forward to meet Burbank, puts hands on shoulders, turning up face he kisses her on forehead.*)

Jord. Good morning, Uncle! How do you feel? Why did you leave your room? You look quite pale. Come sit down (*arranging cushions, he declines seat with negative shake of head.*)

Burb. I prefer to stand (*softly, but firmly*); you sit down, please, I have something to say to you. I—I feel better standing. (*Jordan takes seat facing half left, half rear. Burbank stands at her right shoulder.*) Can you stand some real bad news?

Jord. (*Attempts to rise; Burbank keeps her in seat by placing hand on shoulder.*) Very bad? Yes, tell me that I may share it with you.

Burb. (*slowly and softly*). Then listen and I will tell you two stories at once—one of fortune and one of love! (*continuing*) when I was a lad, Ethel, and shortly after my mother died I worked my way up from where I lived to the place in Maryland close to which you were born. I obtained employment in a large woolen mill, and there I met Bessie Jordan, your father's only sister. I saw her work so hard with such a sad face—and at the close of day I knew she returned to a home that was far from being happy, and—so— I grew to pitying her and pity grew to love—I loved her truly and devotedly; she learned to love me. I asked her to marry me one day, but, strange to say, Bessie refused. For a while I could not fathom the reason; that she loved me I felt sure. It was *pride* that held her back, shame for her parents, both of whom I am sorry to say drank! I told her I would gladly support them, that they should share our little home—but no, she would not listen. It wasn't very long before she was attacked by a disease (*fiercely*) contracted at the mills, and then I knew our fate was sealed. Bessie would never be mine—her death came swiftly and left me heart-sick, older than my years—but the cause that brought on her death fired my very soul. I then resolved, for the sake of those who were exposed to the same danger of disease that Bessie had contracted, to study how to eradicate the existing evils. As a result of my study the mill hands all over the world have been bene-



fited. My patents were quickly taken up and besides making me a benefactor to mankind were the first steps to my growing fortune. My fortune went up—up. Gradually I became the financier; my name became coupled with large projects that required brains and capital. But as my fortune grew, so did my desire to do good, and there now exist some schools, hospitals and orphan homes that I hope will remain as a monument to my memory when I am no more. It was my idea when starting you into society to have you meet many men before you should decide to whom you would give your heart. But, Ethel, I must tell you with what courage I can command that financially I am a ruined man—that my fortune has gone in one great gulf—nothing, nothing will remain. This will prevent you from remaining in a high social sphere; for many who would have worshipped you as my prospective heiress will now tip their hats and walk by. Is there one in the whole pack worthy of kissing the hem of your dress? I never knew how humble and unworthy I was, till I met you. A bright star twinkled in my room last night—so much brighter than all the rest, sparkling with a hundred fires. I thought of you,—at two o'clock the moon with all its sadness rose; it seemed to know my heart, to say to me: "Do not despair; courage! hope!" Ethel, tell me, has the moon lied? or turned my brain? Can you love me? (*Ethel rises, takes flowers from bosom and throws them on floor.*) Will you be mine? Not for a week, or a day, but forever! Together we'll go side by side. I'll bravely fight them all over again, and something tells me, with new courage, with new fire I'll rise back to my old place again!

(*Jordan neither accepts nor refuses in words, but to all appearances is greatly moved with love, pity, and admiration. She goes up to Burbank blinded or dazed, places right arm on his shoulder, head falls and sobs on his chest. Burbank does not put his arm around her, realizing the uncertainty of her inclinations; stands perfectly erect; looks straight ahead; does not try to console her. Sidney Jordan appears at arch with Butler. Cautions Butler not to announce him, expecting to find Miss Jordan alone and to come in unannounced, looks to left first, becomes startled at sound of sobs, thrusts hands into pockets, as he looks at Burbank and Jordan, who do not know of his presence; looks at flowers and note lying on the floor; thinks they are the cause of the trouble.*)

*Gordan (going up softly).* May I enquire the cause of Miss Jordan's tears? (*Burbank looks around calmly. Jordan looks away, ceases crying, shows agitation, but tries to be indifferent.*) (*To Burbank*): Is it because I sent her those flowers? Is it because I sent her that note? I assure you, she is not to blame in the matter.

*Barb. (calmly).* Neither your flowers nor your note were the cause of Miss Jordan's tears; (*slowly*) they were graciously shed over my own misfortunes.

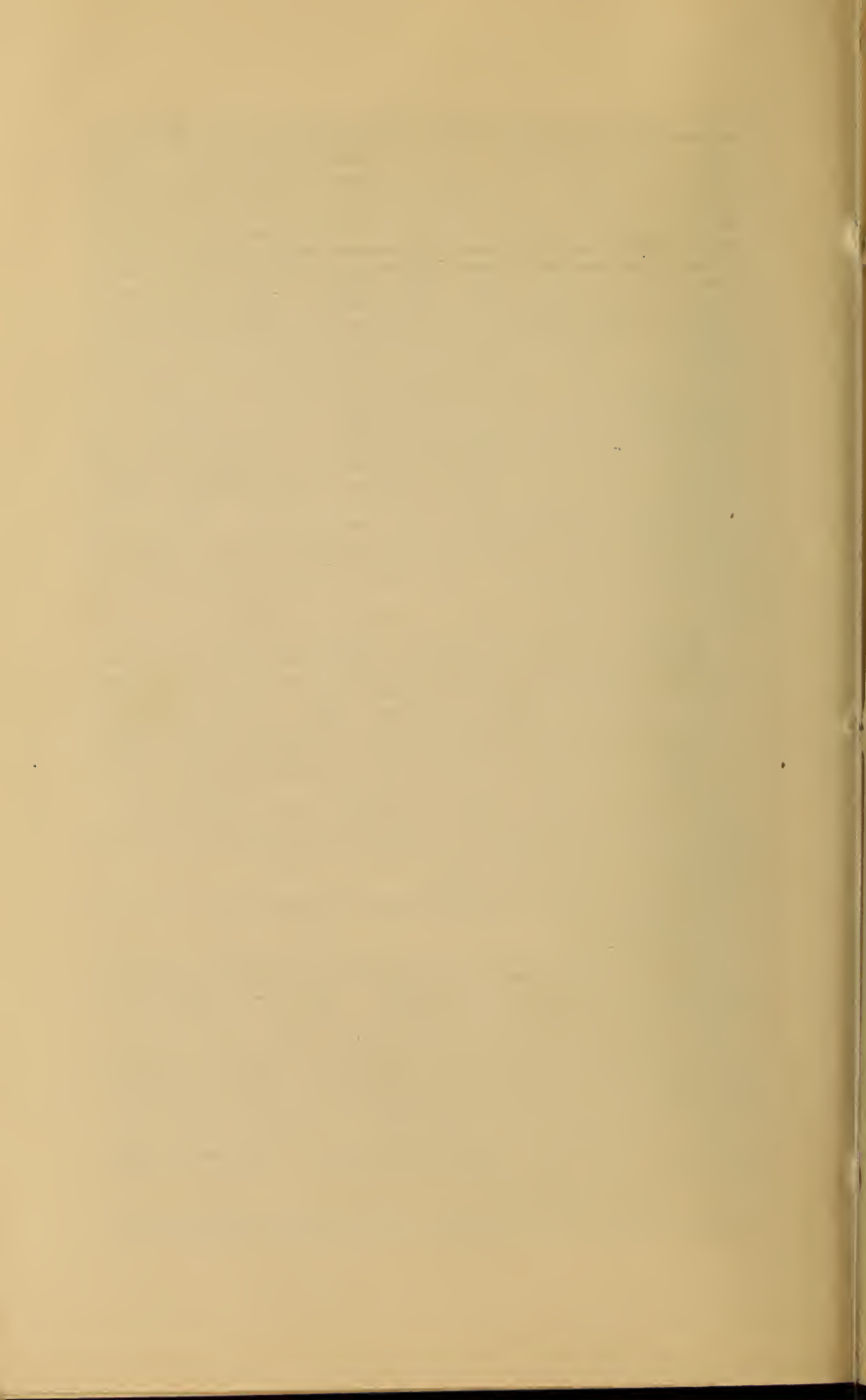
*Gord.* Sir! I have made a great mistake, even greater than my intrusion. I pray that you and Miss Jordan also will be generous enough to accept my humble apology. With your permission I will withdraw, a sadder, but not much wiser man.

*Barb.* No; not yet, please. You may as well learn the truth and bear the tidings to your social acquaintances, many of whom we met last night for the first, and perhaps the last, time. Gordan, it is simply this: I am financially ruined; by noon to-day my fortune will be swept away by a tide I stand powerless to stem aside.

*Gord.* It is evident, sir, you think all your friends will run away. Speaking for myself, you greatly misjudge me. Tell me what has happened. You were considered too wise to be caught in any trap. Can nothing be done?

*Barb.* This is how it happened. John Wilson formed a clique to secure possession of the Delaware Short Line and subsidize it with





the Grand Trunk, took advantage of my friendship to get all my stock to be delivered to-morrow. I heard of the project, decided to defeat it, which I could by getting Harland Fields to vote with me at the meeting to-day. Fields promised; I sold right and left at the top price, all to be delivered to-morrow, expecting the result of the meeting to force the stock down. Fields went back on me, went over to the other side. They will beat me at the meeting, stock will go still higher, and that busts me.

*Gord.* Surely it is not as bad as you fear? something can be saved.

*Burb.* Not a single penny!

*Gord.* This is too bad! too bad! what will you do?

*Burb.* Work and try to start life anew.

*Gord.* What will Miss Jordon do?

*Burb.* I was trying to decide that when you entered.

*Jord.* I will work also.

*Gord.* Now, see here; this will never do! Do you suppose I will ever allow you two to leave this house as long as I have—that is, as long as—well, never mind; *(to Burbank)* we'll talk that over after a while and fix it all up!

*Burb.* Do you mean that you will assist me?

*Gord.* *(confused.)* That isn't just exactly what I mean. I wouldn't think of making any such offer. I know that yourself and Miss Jordan also have too much pride to even consider *such* an offer; you just let me alone for a few minutes, or sit down here *(forces Burbank into a chair)*. Now, I came up here this morning to speak to Miss Jordan *(Miss J. takes a seat)*; but you both seem so nervous and excited that I have kind of caught it myself. Now, you know, Mr. Burbank, I told you that morning I came up to your office how badly I wanted, that is, I told you why I came up there.

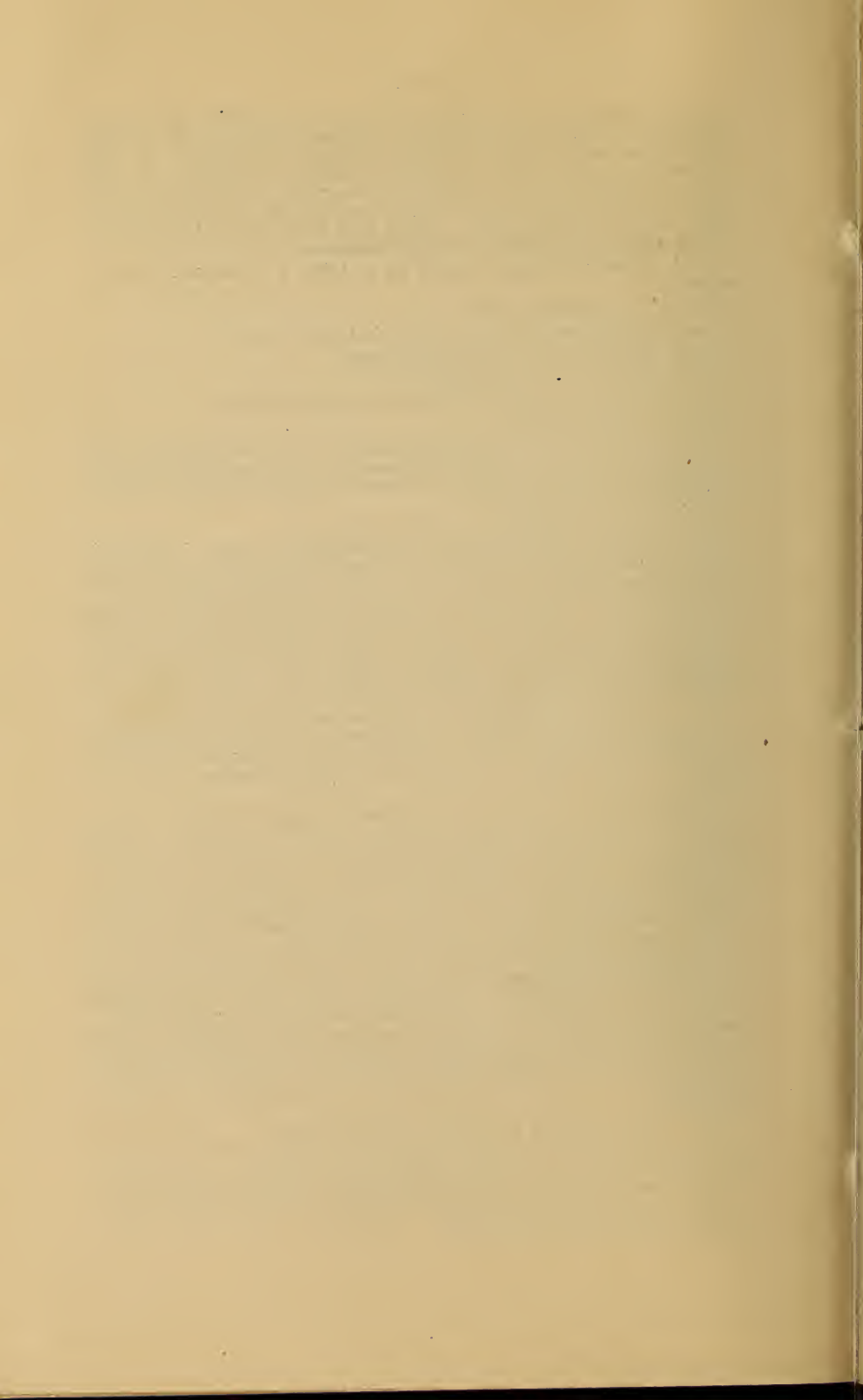
*Burb.* Gordan, I have liked you better every day since I met you *(puts forth hand, Gordan shakes it)*. I believe you to be an honorable and true gentleman. You must excuse me, I want to go to my room—*(to himself walking out)*—yes, sir! a true gentleman. *(Exit Burbank.)*

*Gordan* *(follows him with his eyes, shake head sadly; (aside) what a noble fellow! (Ethel rises, her back to him; he turns face where she stands. (Sadly) Ethel!—(no response); (sadly) when I wrote you that note this morning my heart felt light with gladness. Commencing with the first day I saw you in the park and before I knew your name a change has grown upon me; it has come in jumps and bounds and taken possession of me—not a flash of the sunlight or the scent of a rose, but seems tinged with that something. I came up here light with joy! hope in my heart and a prayer on my lips. The sorrow that has entered this house has cast its sadness on me and but shows the sympathy that exists between us! Last night I would have spoken to you but dared not then—the note has told why—but now may I—dare I tell you that I love you with all the fervor and devotion any woman could ask, since the first day I saw your face—Do not turn away—do not tell me I have guessed wrong—let me hear the music of your voice; answer! you will be my wife?*

*Jord.* Mr. Gordan, I am sorry! it can never be!

*Gord.* Can never be! surely you can not mean it. Something in my heart tells me you can not mean what you say!

*Jord.* Our paths must be different ones; we must forget that we ever knew each other—you to go your way, I to go mine, and so forever out of each other's life.



Gord. You can not ask me to forget you; you can not ask me to stand aside.

Jord. We shall think of you as a noble, true friend. Mr. Burbank can not be left cheerless—alone—wherever he may go, I shall follow at his side.

Gord. I have so much—we could all be so happy!

Jord. You will forget soon, now that you know that it can never be.

Gord. (*much feeling*). Can never be! Ethel, tell me! May I not hope?

Jord. (*very slowly*). You must not hope!

Gord. (*crushed*). Then must I say farewell?—but I will never be far off! wherever you may go. Here lies a flower (*picks up flower*) torn from the rest, crushed and despised. I shall take it with me and carry it forever close to my heart. Ethel, should there come a brighter day, think well of me, for my heart still hopes! (*Exit Gordan.*)

(*Jordan watches him go down the hall, looks out at window as he passes up the street, returns to left, takes seat head hanging down.*)

Jord. (*in sobs*). Poor fellow! Sidney! Sidney! I have broken his heart!

(*Enter Burbank softly.*)

Burb. (*aside*). She has sent him away and is in tears. If she loves him I have ruined her life.

(*Violent ringing of door bell, repeated three or four times, Butler heard running to door, Jordan rises, she and Burbank go up to arch, enter Gordan excited, face flushed, perspiring, hat in hand, vest open, pants dusty, cane swinging, tie twisted.*)

Gord. (*to Burbank*). What was the name of that stock that's to be voted?

Burb. Delaware Short Line.

Gord. (*grabbing Burb. roughly by arm*). Well, I own some of that, don't I?

Burb. I should say you do.

Gord. Couldn't I withdraw Fields' proxy and vote that stock myself?

Burb. Why, certainly.

Gord. Well, hurry up!—How much time have you anyway? When is the meeting?

Burb. Eleven o'clock; we haven't any time to lose.

Gord. Well, hurry up! Get your hat.

(*Jordan Exit to Burbank's room R.*)

Burb. Wait a minute! Have you reflected? Do you know what you are about to do?

Gord. Why, of course, we'll smash the road! You and I vote together!

Burb. Will you do that?

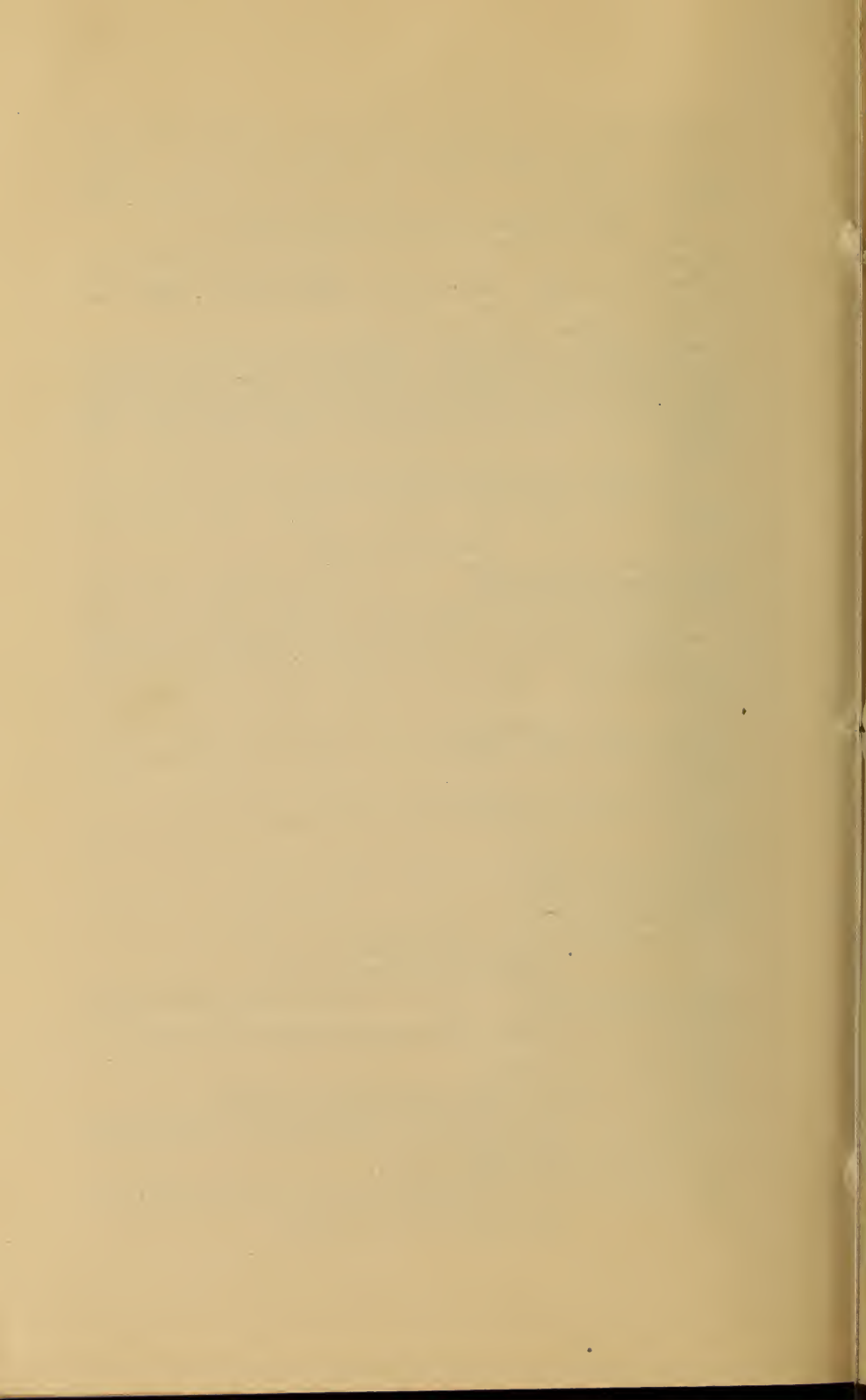
Gord. Get your hat! won't we give them a surprise?

(*Enter Jordan running with Burbank's hat and light overcoat. They all three try to put on hat. All three help at coat. Gordan pulls Burbank through arch while he is still tugging at coat.*)

Burb. It's all up with Wilson now!

Gord. There is a cab passing now—(*calls*) hey! whoa, cabby! wait a minute!

(*Exit Burb. and Gord. Bell rings.*)



*Jord.* (*joyfully*). Sidney has found a way to save him, and Mr. Burbank has accepted!

(*Enter Rev. Hollank, hat crushed, slightly limping, brushes pants.*)

*Jord.* (*laughs*). What has happened?

*Holl.* (*ruefully*). Just met a cyclone coming down the steps—What in the world is the matter?—Is the house on fire? They ran over me, knocked me down; didn't say how-de-do? or apologize, but rushed on. I had a cab at the door instructed to wait; nevertheless they have persuaded the man to take them off, and he started to see, I think, if he can kill his horse. What does it all mean?

*Jord.* Some very important railroad meeting, and they have to be there by eleven o'clock.

*Holl.* What has Gordan got to do with it? He doesn't know anything about railroad meetings.

*Jord.* Oh! yes he does.

*Holl.* Does he?

*Jord.* Yes; he knows everything about them.

*Holl.* Since when?

*Jord.* Since this morning, I think.

*Holl.* Oh, I see! By the by, how is Mr. Burbank. I came to ask about his health. I am glad to know he is able to move about so freely. He is now out for a long drive, but not on the advice of his physician. I should imagine. Do you know I was very much worried last night; such a dreadful change seemed to have come over him.

*Jord.* Oh! I think he is better now—he wouldn't have a physician, but he walked up and down his room all night. If it hadn't been for Sidney—that is Mr. Gordan—I don't know what we would have done.

*Holl.* (*aside*). Sidney—that is Mr. Gordan—seems to have distinguished himself here. (*bell rings—enter Edith Wilson. Wilson and Jordan embrace. Holland rises and stands impatiently waiting to shake hands, which she does after a slight delay.*)

*Jord.* Oh, I am so glad you came; it is very kind of you!

*Wilson.* I was so sorry you had to leave last night. I almost cried—you made a great hit—Do you know your picture is in the papers this morning?

*Jord.* No! Is it?

*Wilson.* Why, haven't you seen it?

*Jord.* Of course not. So many things have occurred this morning that I haven't had time to think of anything.

*Holl.* The papers say that you have a hundred admirers

*Wilson.* I see one has already sent some flowers; another a note. Tell me who sent the note!

*Holl.* The one who sent the flowers had better taste.

*Wilson.* No, he didn't.

*Holl.* I think he did.

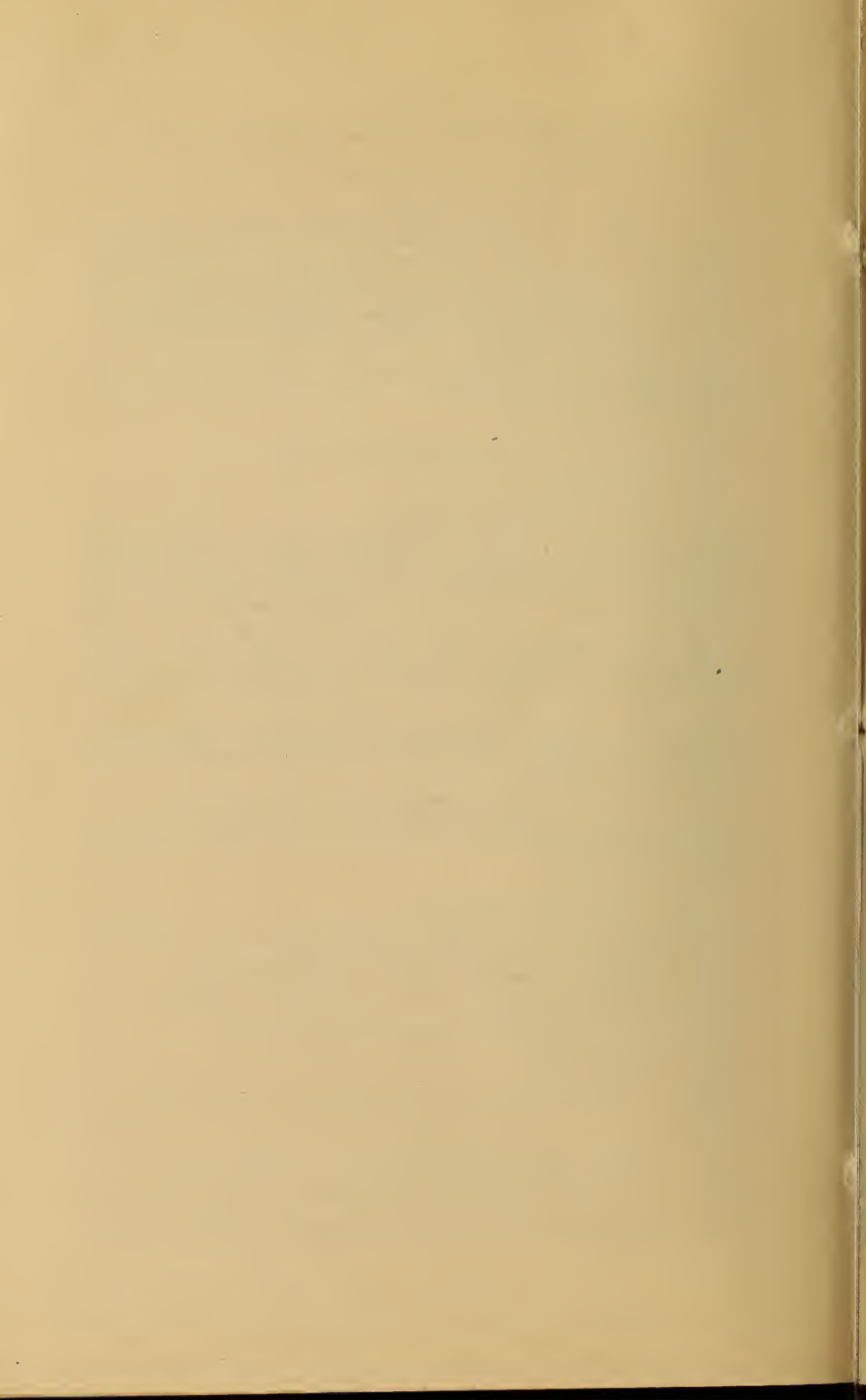
*Wilson.* I say he didn't! Sir, you don't know all there can be in a note!

*Holl.* They are both Miss Jordan's; let her decide.

*Jord.* I judge? Why, I couldn't do that; I am disqualified. But please do tell me—what did the papers say? I am anxious to learn; it's so novel to be written up—it is to me anyway.

*Holl.* Why, Mr. Burbank must get the papers. Ask the Butler to hunt it for you.





Jord. No, all of his papers are sent to the office.

Wilson. Well, ask him to get you one.

Jord. I'll do that (*rings bell—enter Butler*). Henry, can you get the morning paper for me?

Butler. Which one? (*Gordon looks at Wilson inquiringly*.)

Wilson. The Express

Butler (*dryly*). The one with the picture in it. (*All laugh; Jordon confused*.)

Wilson. (That's it! (*Butler hesitates, starts for door, comes back, opens coat, takes out paper*.)

Butler. I guess this is the one; the coachman next door was lending me this one. I'm not in the habit of reading society papers myself.

Jord. Thank you (*taking paper*); I'll return it. (*Butler bows. Exit arch.*) I hear the cab coming back. (*She goes toward arch—bell rings. Enter Gordon and Terry Murphy*)

Gordon. (*Joyously shaking Jordon's hand.*) Oh! we beat them, beat them bad. You should have been there; never saw so much excitement in my life. Come on, Terry. Miss Jordon, this is Mr. Terry Murphy. Mr. Burbank told me to bring him up here. He will be here himself in a little while to post us both. (*Jordon shakes Terry's hand. Gordon sees Wilson and Holland.*) Hello! what brings you here? (*Shakes hands with both*)

Jord. (*To Miss Wilson*) Edith let me introduce Mr. Terry Murphy Miss Edith Wilson, (*they bow*) (*To Holland*) Rev. Holland—Mr. Murphy.

Holl. (*shaking hands*) I recall with pleasure meeting you before.

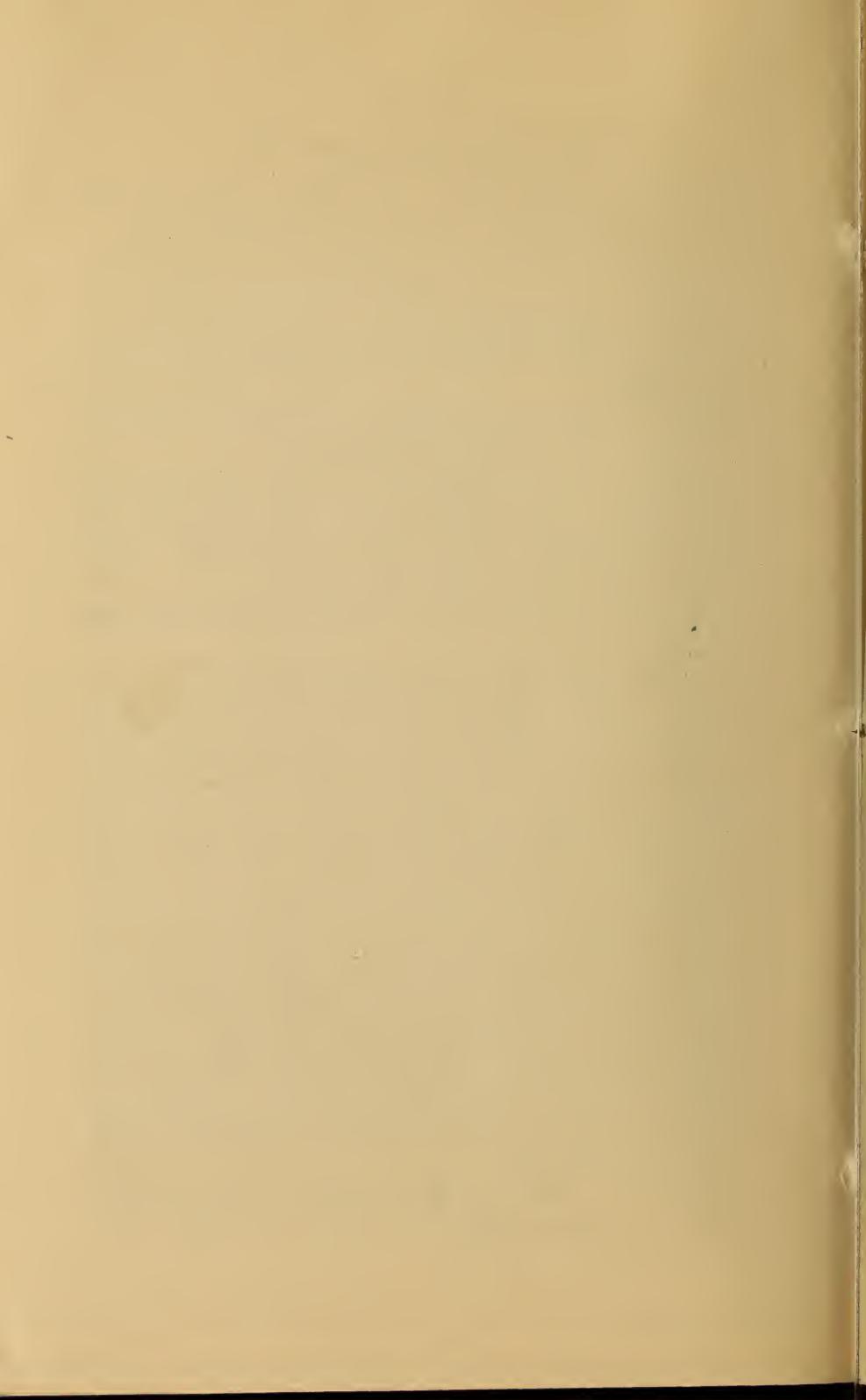
Murphy. Thank you! but that pleasure was mine!

Gord. Here you have't introduced him properly, Mr. Terry Murphy, President of the Delaware Short Line Railroad, elected to that prominent position one half hour ago—Terry where is the "Special Bulletin" (*Terry takes paper from pocket hands to Gordon.*)

Gord. (*Opens and reads.*) The result of the Delaware Short Line Meeting has created a tremendous shock and surprise to Wall Street, the reported consolidation of the road with the Grand Trunk has developed into a fizzle and farce and resulted in the most violent reaction of its stock that has occurred on the Exchange in many years. In addition to the falseness of the report, the result of which will cause the loss of many millions to innocent (?) stockholders, a new railroad President and Vice-President loom to the front, two men hitherto unknown in financial circles. The first is Terry Murphy, who it is learned has been for years in the employ of Mr. Cyrus Burbank beginning in life as his office boy; in this, the hand of the Philanthropist, Mr. Cyrus Burbank is recognized, many who are in a position to know, however, are of the opinion that in this step Mr. Burbank has carried his philanthropy too far, in addition to the position the salary of the official has been raised to \$50,000 a year which is considered to be all this little road can carry. The election of Mr. Sidney Gordon to the Vice-Presidency is recognized as a pooling of the Gordon and Burbank interests. It is just reported that Mr. Jno. Wilson who in this matter seems to have been caught on the wrong side has applied to the Courts for an injunction to prevent the new officers from taking their seats.

Murphy. I am of the opinion that the injunction will be denied and that the two officers will take their seats, what do you think about it?

Gord. I quite agree (*They laugh and shake hands*) Miss Wilson your pa is awfully angry at me.



Miss W. Is he ! why ?

Gordon. We never speak as we pass by—you have no idea what he said I was.

Miss W. (*laughing*) No, but I can guess.

Gord. Can you—yes I believe you can—you are pretty good at guessing anyway—so spare my feelings.

Miss W. For some one else's sake I will ! I had better be going.

Jord. Oh ! don't go.

Wilson. Yes, I must.

Holl. (*rising*) I'll dismiss my cab and walk along if you will permit me to go with you.

Wilson. Come on then (*she puts arm around Jordan's shoulder they walk out arch*) (*Wilson turns*) Goodbye Mr. Gordon, I am coming up to your office some day to have my pass renewed, will you do that for me ?

Murphy. (*drawing himself up mock seriousness*) Well ! hem ! the rules and regulations you know (*breaking into smile*) but the President can at least do that much for you (*bowing*).

Wilson. Oh ! thank you (*Holland shakes both their hands*) Exit Wilson, Jordan and Holland. (*arch*.)

Gord. You carry yourself with grace to the company !

Murphy. Oh ! we'll make that road hum, I wonder what kind of aspread the papers are going to give me, Newsboy to railroad president is a pretty big step.

Gord. I should say so—a damn big step, tell me, will you know how to renew her pass when she comes up to see you ?

Murphy. Hm ! that's easy ! I just tap a bell ! in comes the boy, —here take this pasteboard over to the Vicepresidents office and have him renew it

Gord. Thats me (*Murphy nods head*) what in the deuce will I do with it ;

Murphy. When ever I refer anything to the Vicepresident I shall take it for granted that it will be attended to and there my responsibility ceases

Gord. That lets you out ! I am beginning to see—I think you'll do—don't worry, what do you think that stock will be worth after you and I run the road for a while.

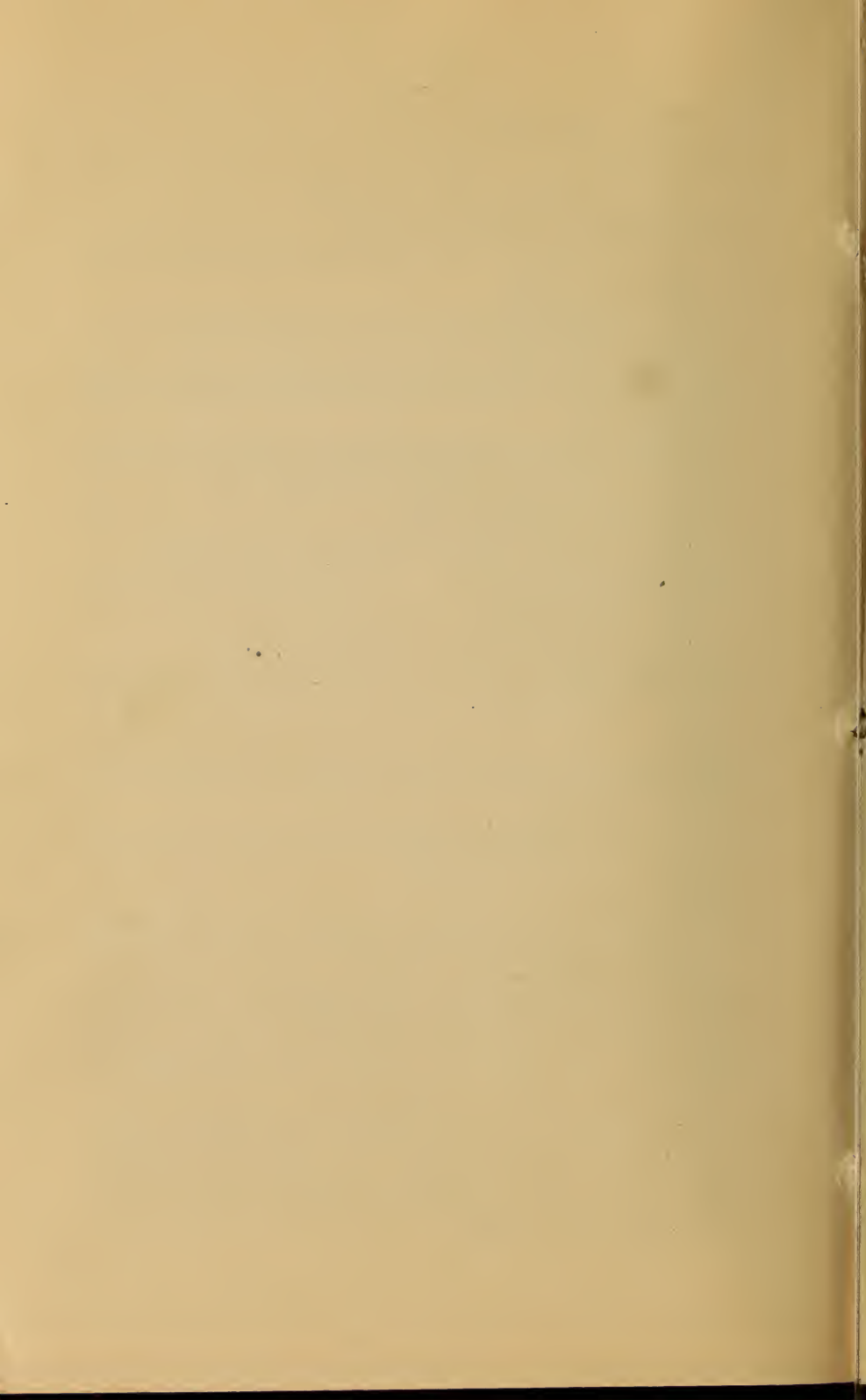
Murphy (*Looking at him hard and trying not to smile*) about twenty cents.

Gord. Burbanks got a cinch ! (*Euter Jordan*), (*aside, waving to Murphy to get out*) Go see if Mr. Burbank is coming—any kind of an excuse to leave for a few minutes.

Murphy. (*Suddenly*) Oh ! I left some bonds in my overcoat pocket out there in the hall, some body might put on the coat by mistake and walk off with them. (*Exit Murphy*.)

Jord. Mr Gordon will you let me thank you for what you have done, though you make light of it I know the service has been great and I shall forever be grateful—admire and respect you for it

Gord. Do not thank me—thank yourself, you are the cause of it all but for you I would have continued to be a shiftless and irresolute perhaps worthless man, you have almost saved me (*going up closer to her*) one word from you can make me the happiest man or the most miserable wretch You have already saved Mr. Burbank and he will be here in a few moments to tell you so (*Taking her right hand in his right*) it as easy to save two men as one—Tell me Ethel that you will—



Jord. Sidney ! How can I longer refuse ! if he will forgive me and give his consent I will !

(Voice of Burbank heard off rear) Terry be in my office at two o'clock !

Gord. Leave him to me.

Jord. No I must tell him.

Burb. (Voice) I'll fix everything up then you need'nt worry about anything, just leave that to me, and if some ladies come up (appears at arch talks at Terry down left) the three who are arranging for that orphan's home—(softer) just ask them to wait—I'll keep my promise and they shall go away happy.

Terry. (off left) All right sir ! I'll be there and I'll tell them.

Burbank. (turns) Ah ! my children ! (Jordon rushes up to him he holds her in his left arm) Ethel has he told you ! he has saved me ! (puts right hand on Gordon's shoulder).

Gord. Do not speak of it.

Burb. I will not speak of it but shall ever carry it in my heart.

Gord. Come sit down—you must be tired (between them they slowly lead him front centre, he takes seat very calmly anticipating something) Gordon and Jordon clasp hands behind him—break away—Gordon walks toward arch looks away.

Jordon. (begins standing then kneels) Uncle do you feel better now than you did this morning ?

Burb. Yes my child !

Jord. Strong enough to hear some real bad news.

Burb. Yes dear !

Jord. Then listen and I will tell you two stories at once (faltering badly) one of duty and one of love (lets head fall on his knee unable to go further).

Burb. (Places hand on her head) It is not necessary child I know it already, you love him ? (Jordon shakes head yes) (calls softly) Sidney ! (Gordon comes forward stands at his left shoulder, You love her ?

Gord. (simply) Yes.

Burb. Will you cherish her and strive to make her happy ?

Gord. Forever and always !

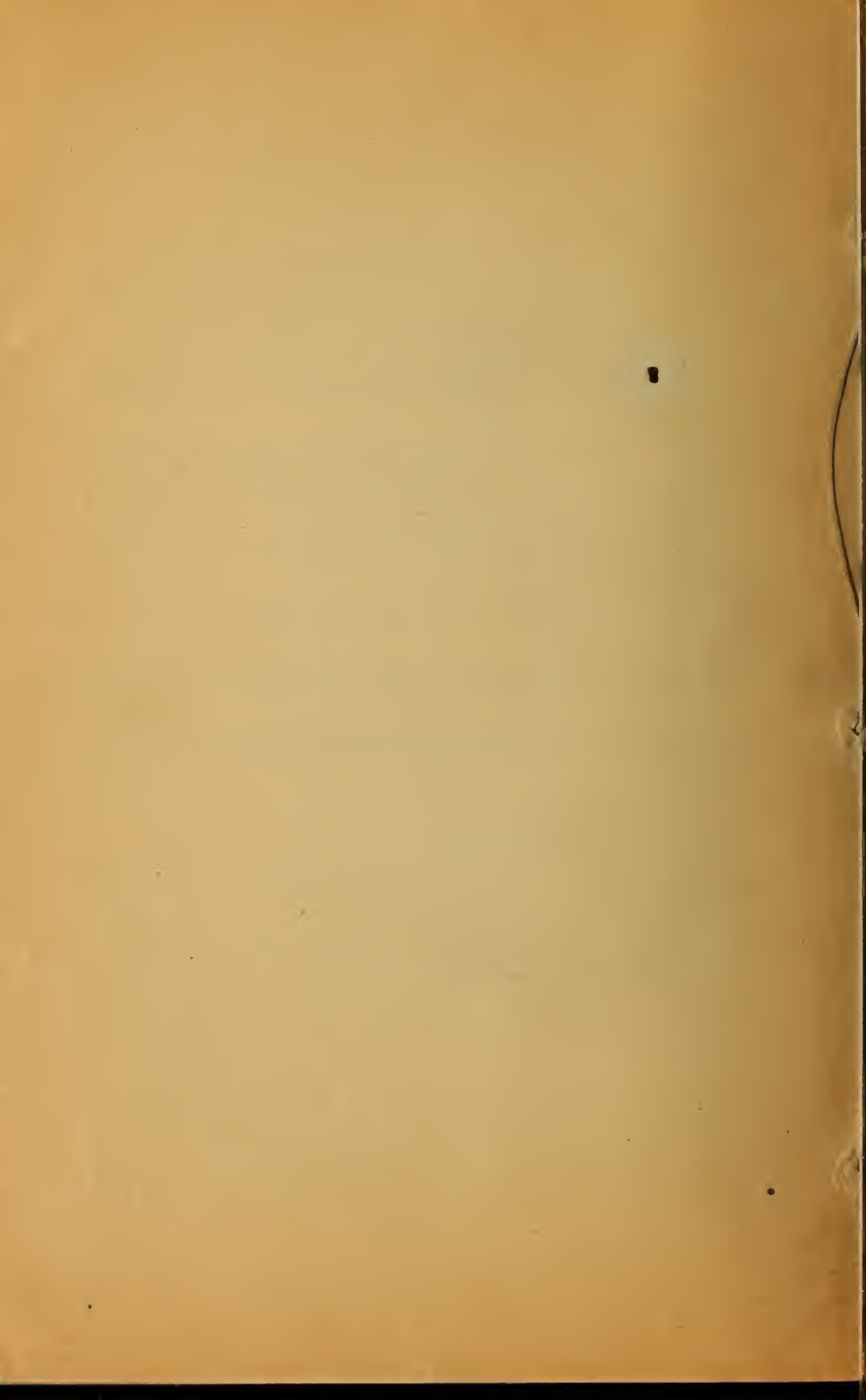
Burb. Then take her—she is yours—I give her up sadly ; but bravely and freely—and in your mutual love and happiness I shall live mine (places her hand in his—they raise her together, Gordon supports her, Burbank steps to right) You can't take her abroad when you are married Sidney, you need'nt let the railroad worry you—Terry and I will attend to that (walks up and down) Some ladies will be down at my office this evening—they are going to open an orphan's home and I promised to see them. I feel a little bit faint and feverish—come Ethel raise your head and smile let us go into the dining room and get a fine lunch I have to go (Ethel raises head smiles on both, gives each a hand they turn as though going to leave.

Jord. You know I love you too. That I will love you always.

Burb. Why Ethel I never doubted it—the knowledge makes me very happy—you don't know how happy (placing hand on chair for support) go on—I'll follow you—I have to hurry—those ladies will be waiting for me (slides into seat) Jordon and Gordon stand in arch about to leave stage) makes me very happy—very happy—(puts face between hands and sobs) Jordon runs to him, kneeling puts arm around him.

CURTAIN.







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